

The bad thing
about a kitten,
is that,
it eventually
becomes a cat.

-Ogden Nash

Curiosity,
killed the cat.
When the cat
is away,
the mice will
play.

Don't let the
cat out of
the bag.

Cats were
thought to be
gods in
ancient Egypt.

MEOW!

I Love cats. I am a cat maniac. Cats are
Smart, independant, and clean. If you feed a cat,
he will be friendly with you, otherwise, he (or she)
couldn't give a darn about you. Dogs are much
friendlier, but, I am destined to like cats much
more than dogs.

I Love cats. The girls in my cabin
know this only too well ooooo

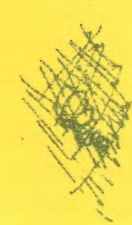
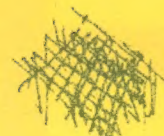
"Dew Drop Inn," which was where I
resided during the summer, is close to
"Jane and Steve's trailer." Jane housed 4 tiny
kittens, →

four tiny kittens, maggy, → and maggy's
four younger brothers, WINKIN, BLINKIN, NOD and Frederick.

almost every night, I would sneak or or or
into my cabin. I slept on a top bunk bed, and the
cat would, too. But, at about 3:00 am each morning,
the cat would jump down, and land with a
plop! on the floor. Then he would jump onto
Emily Gold.

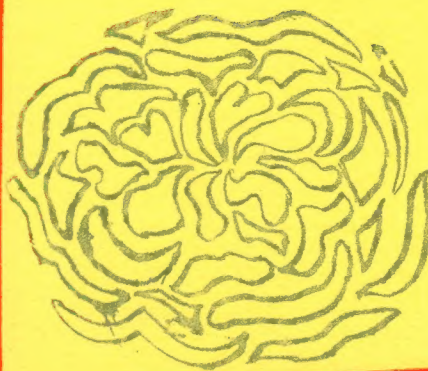
Sorry, Emily ooooo
Sharon Finkestein

MEOW!



Rac F
Rac. Rac Rachel Fink

Caroline Packard



Dried, cracking, fading
In the sunlight.
One small flower,
Sways to the rhythm
Of the wind, no longer.

I've seen the light.
I've felt the pain.
I've heard the rapid
Fading of my heart.
I know of sorrow.
I've tasted death.

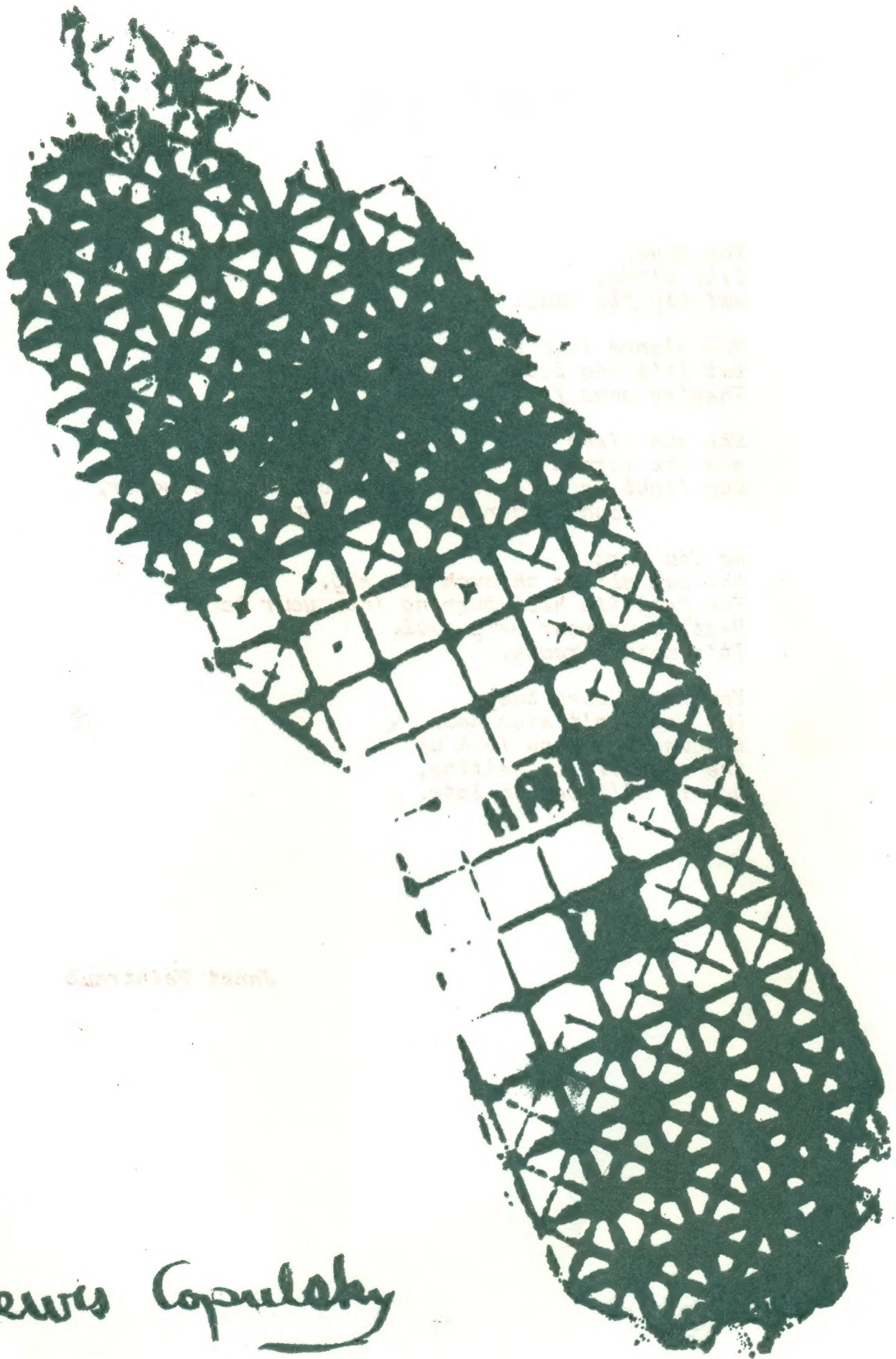
Wishes are light and airy things.
They express hope for what the
Future brings.
Wishes weave in and weave out
Of my brain.
Constantly changing, and never the same.

Goodbye, my friend.
I'd go too,
But I'm resting here awhile.
Hope we meet again some day.
I'd really like to linger here,
Awhile,
But somehow beauty left when you did.
We'll go our separate ways,
And lead our separate lives.
Goodbye.

Wishes are like salmon,
They battle the rapids
Just to come true.
But then other wishes
Are born,
And the first wishes die.

I had a dream,
My life was through,
Reborn to earth
A new life appeared.
My eyes saw death,
But death was life,
A separate soul,
Is now my own.

I am alive,
Yet not alive.
I am awake,
Yet not awake.
I am a shadow,
A mere shadow
Of life.
I find myself
Caught in the web
Of death,
Waiting, waiting
For a spider
To come.
Time, endless time
Has caught me
At last.



Lewis Copulsky

The days,
like birds,
swiftly fly away.

You glance into the sunset,
but it's too late to catch them.
They're gone forever.

The sun rises
and the warmth of a new day creeps in.
The light is reflected on the clear blue water,
and it dances madly about.

As you work
the sun glides through the sky.
You feel its heat burning into your back.
Heating up your very soul.
It's noon already.

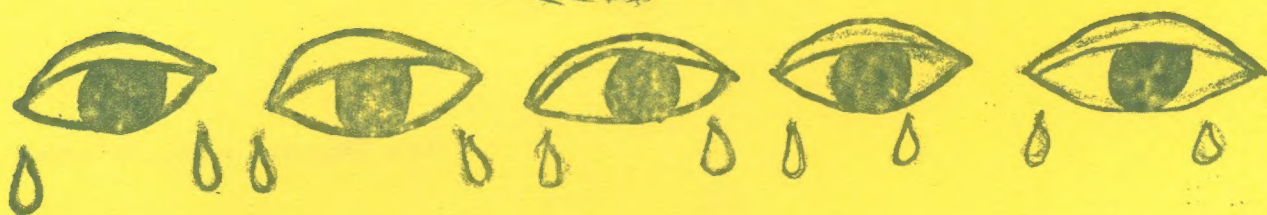
You're so very busy,
but you can't stop now.
Because when you look up
the sun will be setting,
and it will be too late.

Janet Weintraub



h.r.h. sharon s.l.l.e.e.b. brous 1

If you get gloomy just take an hour off and sit and
think how much better this world is than
hell, of course it won't cheer you up
much if you expect to go there



I have the negatives
if you dont bring
the \$5000 in 5's
and 10's I will bri
ng the Negs to the
cops. I trust you
will hav it.

IRS Form 560
Dear Mrs. Rhodes,
We have found an error in your
1955 Form 1040. As a result we will
be sending an auditor sometime this
month. He will check your returns
to 1936.
IRS- #560 --- William Cassen

Dear Mrs. Haber,
Due to an unfortunate
similarity in names we have
liquidated your husband by
mistake. You will recieve
your compensation of rm288
before the 10th of the month.

Obergruppenführer
Wilhelm N. Wolfram

BLUE CROSS INTER-OFFICE MEMO

Bill-

Es ist einzig eine schande:
krank zu zlen.

-Atell

Dear Miss Cole,
Your request for an artificial
limb has been turned down. Your ap-
plication for food stamps to the am-
ount of \$5.25 a week is pending hear-
ing. We know that you have Leprae
Alba but try to get a job. A case
worker will visit you by themiddle
of next year.

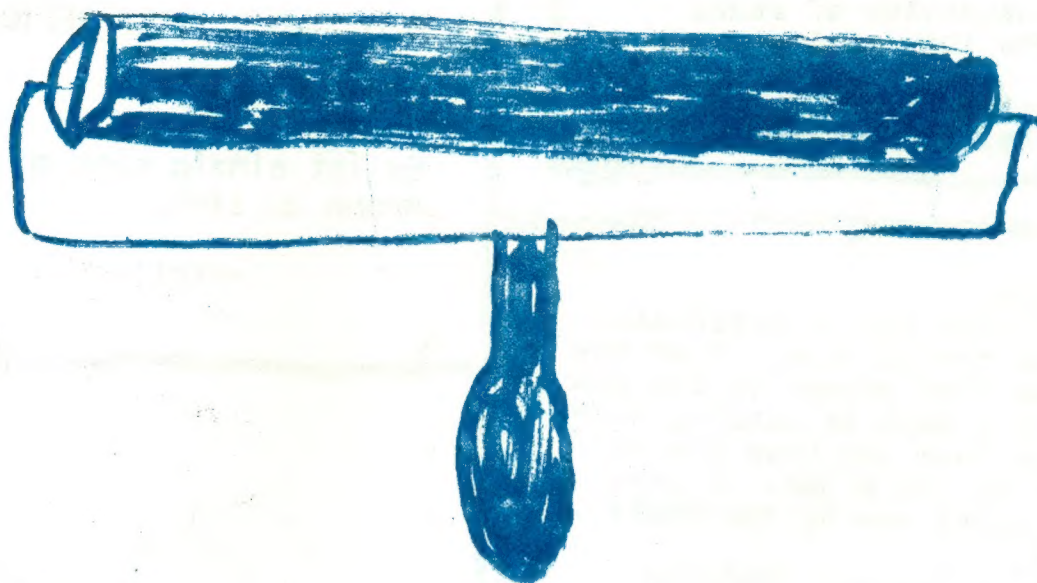
H.E.W. --- Howard Tinipphé

Ever have
one of those
days?

Dear Mr. Zweifel,
You're fired retroactive to January.
Please Remit: \$1295.00 for salary and
overtime accumulated since Jn. 5, 1972
--- The Management

Sol Taibi

ZE
ZE



-- Meester Morrel

The Beggar's Opera

RUE
KEE R
JACK
GILFORD
HEIN
GALLAGHER
PATSY
CEL

BOBBY
VAN
SUSAN
WATSON

No No Nanette

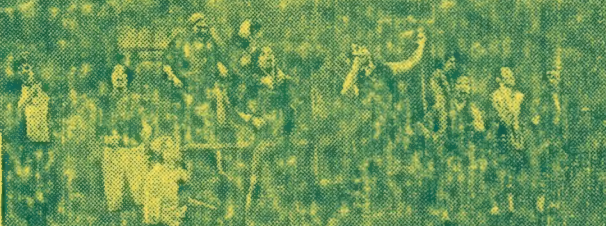
PRODUCTION SUPERVISED BY
BUSBY
BERKELEY



"The dancingest show
in town" Daily News is
Broadway's newest hit!

Grease

"A MUSICAL KNOCKOUT!"
—Leonard Prebst, NBC



"LAUGHTER CASCADES ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS!"

THE ORIGINAL MAME IS BACK!

ANGELA LANSBURY MAME

"recreating her original Broadway role"

O.K. Cutta!
IT'S THE REAL THING

4th Sensational Year

August 5, 1972

BEST
MUSICAL 1971
N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD

FOLLIES

TONIGHT at 7:30

"JUBILANT" "JOYFUL"
—N.Y. Times —N.Y. Post

GODSPELL

PROMENADE THEATRE, B'way at 79th St. 759-1888

WINTER GARDEN THEATRE
B'way & 50th St. 245-4878
SPEC. HOL. MAT. MON.
SEPT. 6 at 2 PM

"JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR IS A TRIUMPH!"

Douglas Watt N.Y. Daily News



DOUGLAS
COHN

THE LONGEST
RUNNING MUSICAL
IN BROADWAY HISTORY

THE ME

NOBODY KNOWS

BEST MUSICAL 1971

N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS AWARD POLL

Fiddler on the Roof

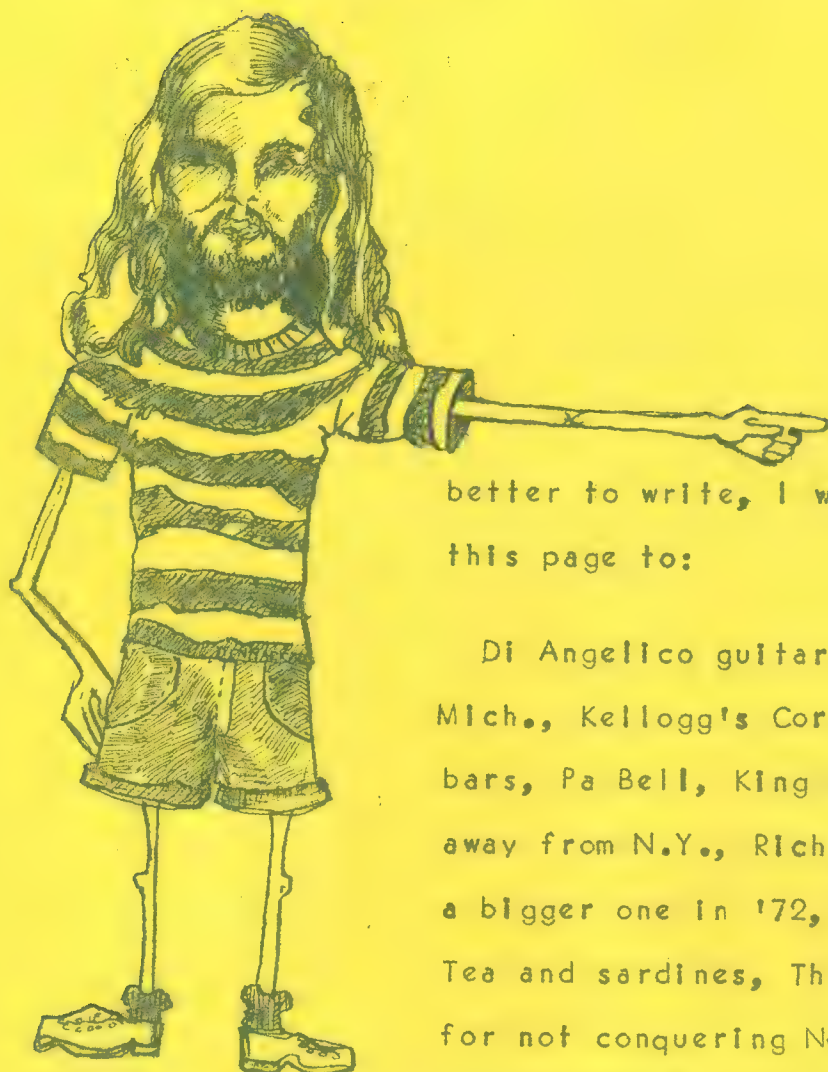
BEST
MUSICAL 1971
TONY AWARD

BEST MUSICAL 1970
N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD

COMPANY

ALVIN THEATRE

BROADWAY THEATRE
B'way & 53rd St. 247-7992



For lack of anything better to write, I would like to dedicate this page to:

Di Angelico guitar strings, Kalamazoo, Mich., Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Milky Way bars, Pa Bell, King Kong- for staying away from N.Y., Richard Nixon- for being a bigger one in '72, Constant Comment Tea and sardines, The Empire of Surlandia for not conquering New Milford, and Lobachevsky for patronizing Vladovostoc.

I would further like to hallow this page in memory of:

Peggy and Mona's guitar lesson, my tree, all my throws that collapsed(which were more fun than the ones that stayed up), and most of all - Dudley Do-Right's Horse

LIZA SHAW
of

RUTH SCHACTER
of

BARBARA Z (whichever)

Have my welcome permission to
assist the cast, the mood & me after the
dreaded sleep gone.

Please let them (potentially) appreciated
talents be known ^{to} it shared ~~with~~ vs.

Thank-you - A play well prompted, lit, &
furnished will be your Payment.

With love & affection, H. Gwen Marcus



AMY COHEN

7/29/72

i steal a bit of time
to tell you you are special
yes you are
i steal a bit of phantasy
to tell you i could love you
don't let me shut you out
don't make me shut you out
let me cry upon your innocent shoulder
discover that all the things you read about
in your books
happen to real people
like you
like me
like us
let me show you
let me take you there
steal a bit of fancy
imagine me your lover

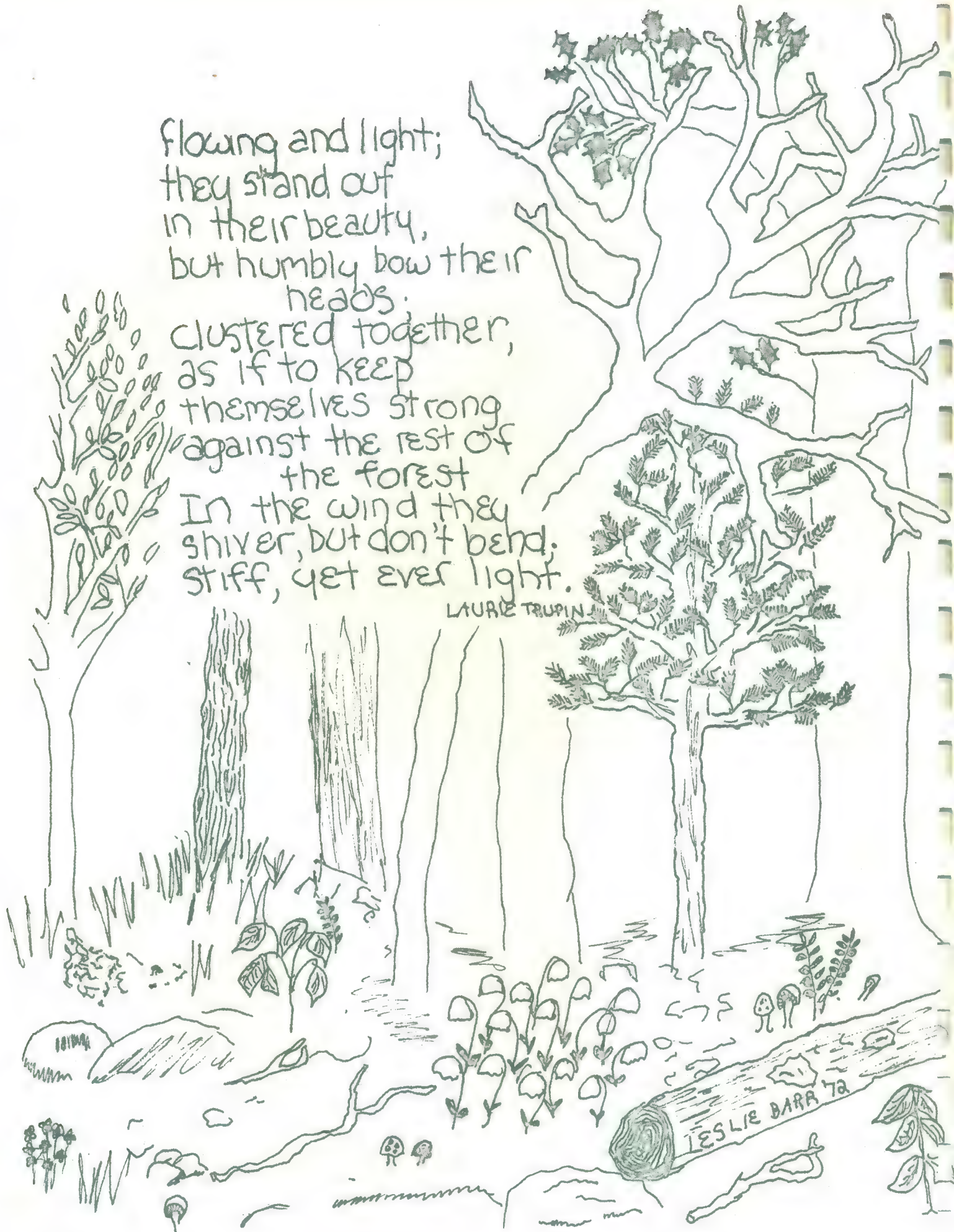
- Jennifer Ann Zogott

flowing and light;
they stand out
in their beauty,
but humbly bow their
heads.

clustered together,
as if to keep
themselves strong
against the rest of
the forest

In the wind they
shiver, but don't bend;
stiff, yet ever light.

LAURIE TRUPIN



THE DREAMER -

The dreamer sits under the tree
he dreams all day
he dreams of days to come
the days he will never see

I dream of things I know that will never happen, but
I will dream from now to infinity. My dreams and your dreams
will never equal, but they are the same, and we dream. I
wish, I want, but dreams are only one step to the final
making of one dream that will come true.

Before I came here I dreamt it would be a place where
I would meet the same people I met before, but it is
different. For once the people are nice; they accept your
faults with your goodness. "It is not what you are but
who you are."

My story is long. I still dream of days to come, but
I dream like you or one person must to live. A dream, a
hope, a wish, a thought, a person must live, thus this is
my life - a life of dreaming, a life of stories, a life
of non-reality.

I dream, too, as do you, as dreams
aren't equal, they are the same.
My dream and your dream will equal
in time.

John Ivler



boy is it not!

KAP E!!

Gawche!

Fwap

Ze Ze Ze Ze...

Shut up Sue

Shut up Renni

Shut up Jean...

I just love his red hair.

Aloha!

Not even Jenny...

Ducky.

Did first breakfast ring yet?

Freudian slip.

Joe Cool says no way to everything
you call that strong?

Have you ever seen bucks
rock?

Good job sweet
heart

...looks like it didn't
eat breakfast.

"Save me a piece" - J2

How embarrassing

an est la vomit bag?

The Wizard

leave the jokes to you

Heart Attack!

Not another mask note!

Door no. 1, Door no. 2 or door no. 3?

B.H. Junior

So tasty too

The

Jan Berck Society... how's the schedule?

Gumdrop!!

The Renni salute.

We're gonna have a WAA-WAA fight!

I grave his body...
you call that a body?

Mr. Tom, again?

"Jean, Jean"

Keep your eyes on the movie dammit!!

Dammit, blondes do

What wuz da name of dat play? have more fun.

Artificial what?

Are you sisters?

"Convention again?"

J.B.

It is so that kind of camp. We just don't talk
about it!!

At the time it was very amusing.

Harry, let's take movies.

Roomates not
bookmates
Susan Jimmy

SUMMER CONFUSION

Some things are up
Some are down

I hope to have my eyes
See everything straight
Sometimes they can
And sometimes

They can't.

Sandy Feldman



1000 1000
1000 1000

"Action seems to follow feeling, but really action and feeling go together, and by regulating the action, which is under the more direct control of the will, we can indirectly regulate the feeling, which is not.

"The emotions and excitements due to usual situations are the inciters of the will. But these act discontinuously; and in the intervals the shallower levels of life tend to close in and shut us off. Accordingly the best practical knowers of the human soul have invented the thing known as methodical ascetic discipline to keep the deeper levels constantly in reach. Beginning with easy tasks, passing to harder ones, and exercising day by day, it is, I believe, admitted that disciplines of asceticism can reach very high levels of freedom and power of will."

William James

David Fenner



dedicated to the fantastic
people at the sculpture shop
who put a part of themselves
into making this a
dynamite camp.

ERIC GROSSMAN
SCIENCE C.I.T.



Time always passes on,
Summers end, Winters begin.

Parties, fights, being well off, depressions:
Happenings are remembered as being good or bad.

Peacefulness, beligerence,
Happiness, and sorrow can be molded into one.

Learning without being taught,
Forgetting, when not knowing.

Friendships, people, enemies, relationships:
Forces which turn love into hate, hate into love.

Failures becoming your successes,
The consequences and the moves of the game
Played with your life, where the dice is chance
and fate.

—Marion Ruderman



Don

sometimes a friend is like
a favorite book;
you know his every thought
and word and look.
And yet you like him handy
on your shelf

Because, somehow, he warms
your deeper self...

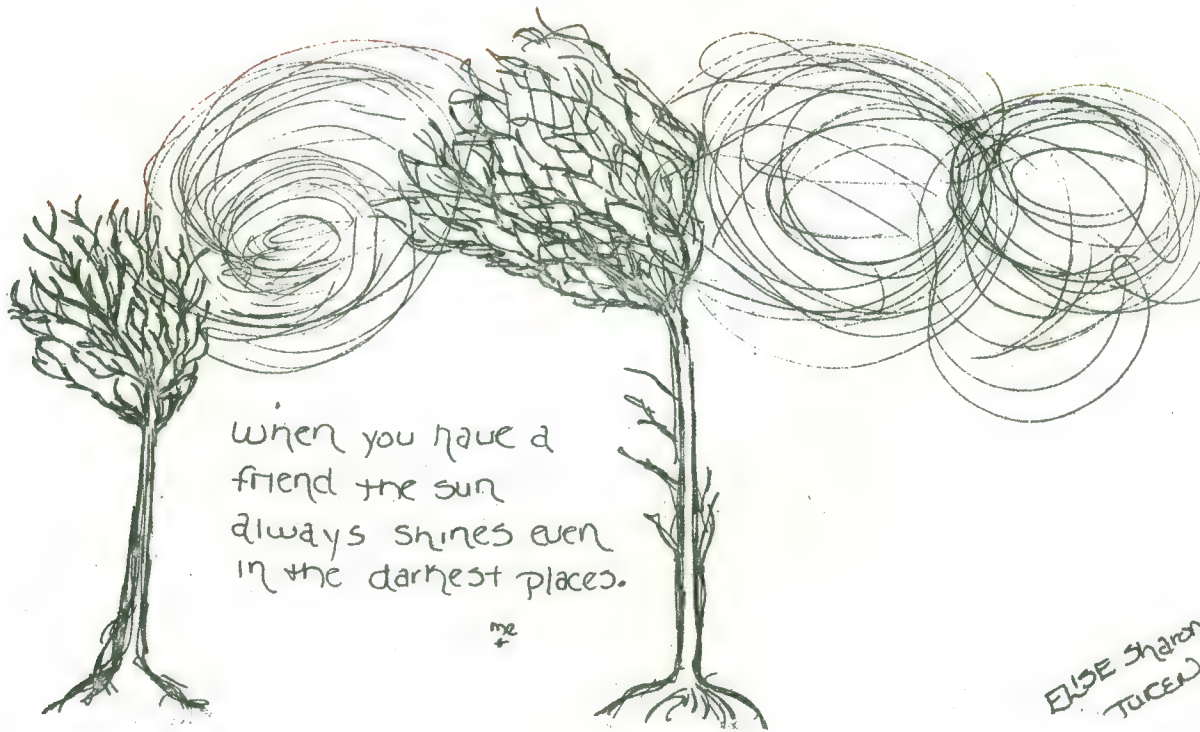
Helen Marshall

A friend is the
first person who
comes in when
the world goes out.

Mary Dawson Hughes

Love is flower-like;
Friendship is like a
sheltering tree.
Samuel Taylor Coleridge

I only all
the hands that
reach could touch....
Mary A. Berg



When you have a
friend the sun
always shines even
in the darkest places.

me

ELSE Sharon
TUCEN

Feelings I feel.
Thoughts that I think
Run through my mind
as black and white
as this page.

People who talk.
People who don't listen.
Craziness.
Loneliness.
Depression.
Happiness.
Timeless.
Thoughtless.
Right now.



Mindy Mandel

What's going on here?

Everybody racing a different way.

The arms race, industry races.

Everybody talks about equality,
peace.

But nobody does anything.

Mark Twain was right.

Who's here?

Myself.

Everybody cares

about not caring for their fellow man.

Nobody wants themselves.

All these robots racing for the 7:32

No one cares about the 7:33.

Hypocrites screaming right and left:

"Unemployment's ruining the economy"

"A little unemployment's good for the economy"

Who are we to say who's right?

Come on, people now, smile on your brother,

Everybody get together,

Try to love one, another, right now.

Jon Berck

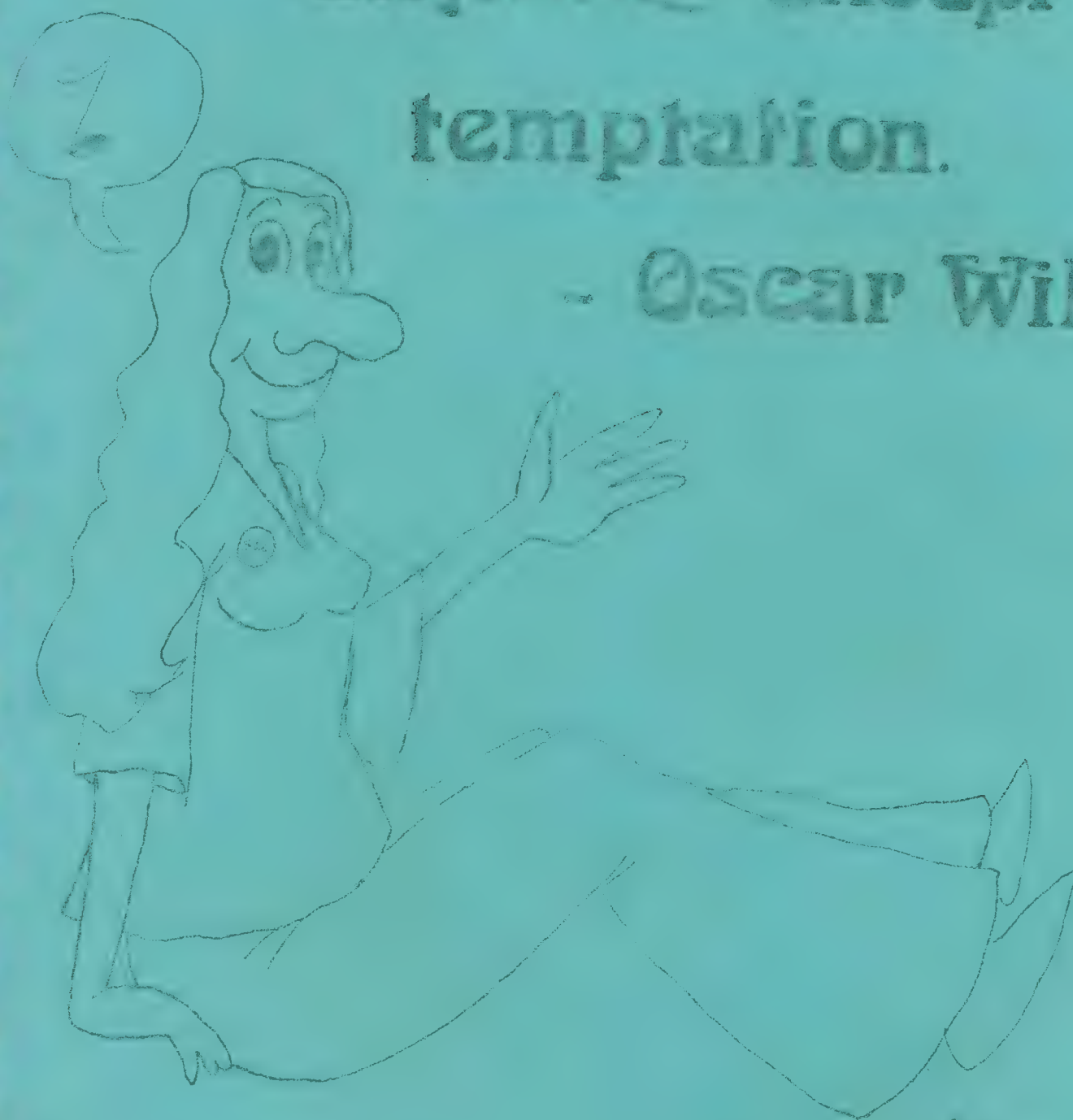


Were we created to kill and hate,
Has this been our colossal fate,
All alive will someday die,
Are heaven and hell all a lie?
Are the bad down below where
It's hot and aglow,
And the good high above
Living in peace and love?
We were given life to
cherish and love without pain;
But how many perish
and die in vain!



I can resist
anything except
temptation.

- Oscar Wilde



Elisa
DeLoach

LOST

Can one be lost? Come here to find themselves to seek
hop-pi-ness. At times I have been con-tent, but once again
I'm lost. Like a flick-er-ing light, on and off I be-come ju-bi-
-lant, then mel-an-chol-y. But slow-ly this light is crack-ing,
shat-ter-ing, and the switch is no long-er there!

Words and Music
by
Bruce Horowitz

As I look around the community the kids of Buck's Rock '72 have built, I feel proud to have been one of them.

Before I came to Buck's Rock this summer I was puzzled over some very difficult questions:

Who am I?

What do I stand for?

and

Where do I want to go?

At that time I knew nothing of the answers. Now, even though its only been eight weeks, I feel I have advanced one step towards the answers.

As the summer starts coming to a close, some people may think it a culmination or ending of a period in our lives. I take it only as a pause, a comma as I collect my thoughts on the past winter and summer, a time to think about what is going to happen in the oncoming winter.

Buck's Rock this summer has acted more like a compass if anything else to me. It has opened my mind and pointed me in what I think the right directions.

"Two roads diverged in a wood
and I, I took the one less
travelled by and that has
made all the difference."

Susan Cane

You are given so many freedoms
some of which some of you
may not be able to handle

but this is not this
kind of camp

go ahead and make a
pattern

sorry, no looms available

be free to design any
kind of jewelry

no, change it, it's too
commercial / common / uninteresting...

go ahead choreograph
a dance

well, I can't tell you
when it will or won't be
accepted

tryouts, come, everyone!

sorry, pal, didn't make
it

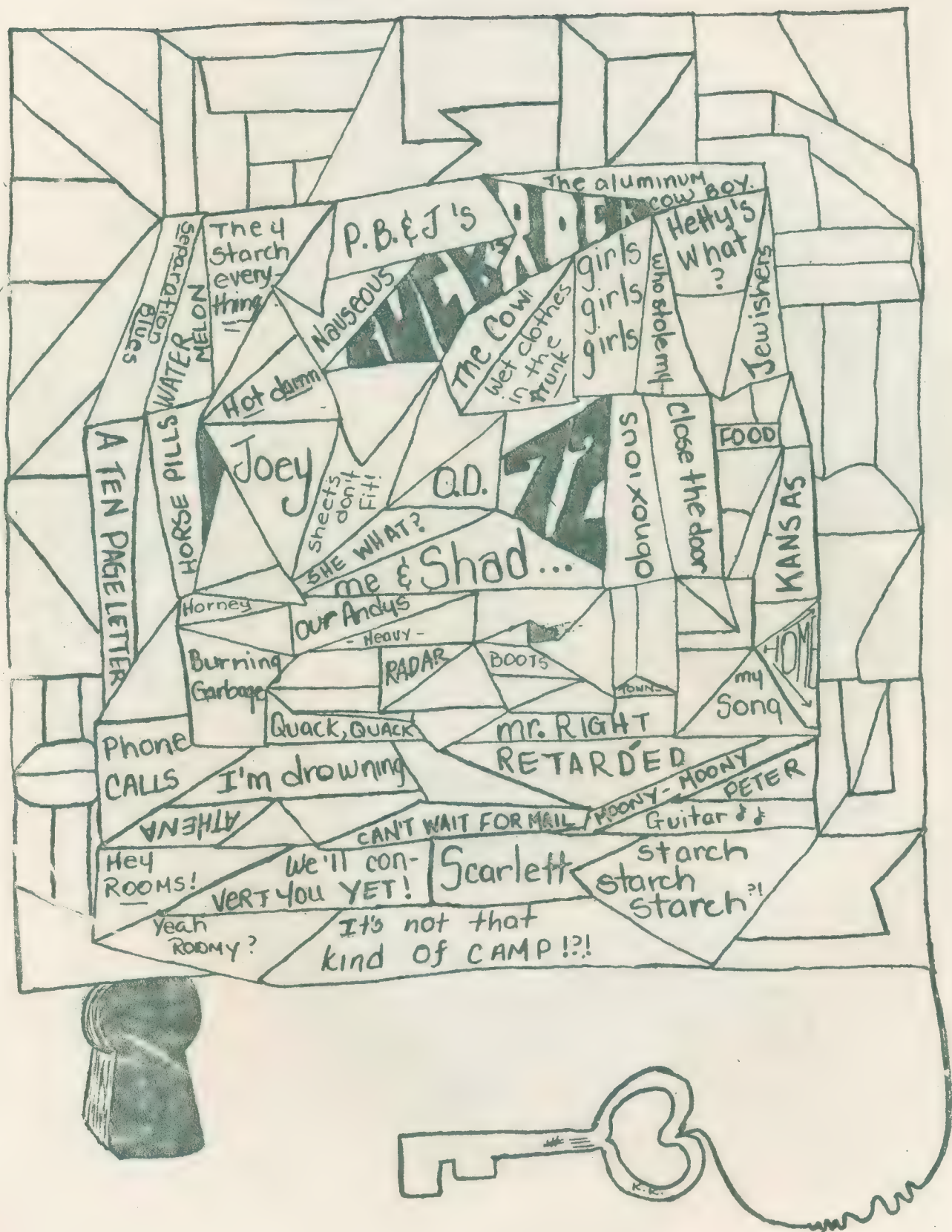
the people here are so
nice and friendly

but let's not go to
that shop, it's one big clique

BBBBBBBBBB	U	U	TTTTTTTTTT
B	B	U	T
B	B	U	T
B	B	U	T
BBBBBBBBBB	U	U	T
B	B	U	T
B	B	U	T
B	B	U	T
B	B	U	T
BBBBBBBBBB	UUUUUUUUUU		T

OOOOh, where did you make that, it's so
gorgeous! and my God, where'd you learn to do
that? and your dance was so good and you were
great last night and those kids were so nice!
where did you meet them and I can't believe that
the time's gone so fast it's almost the end of
the summer and I don't want it to be and guess
who's coming back next year!

Gail Dunbar





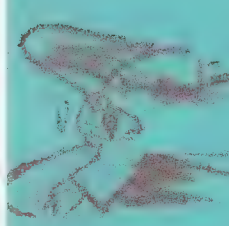
JoAnn Berman
(1)

Be happy
What's happy?
Being cheerful,
Not letting little things get to you.
Being "trouble-free"
Not thinking about yourself all the time
Caring for others, besides yourself,
Be happy that you're alive in this
world -
Now, not then.

Be content,
Be content with yourself,
With your friends,
With the world around you,
Be content with everything you do.

Be love,
How?
By being yourself -
all the time.

Renni Sue Altma.

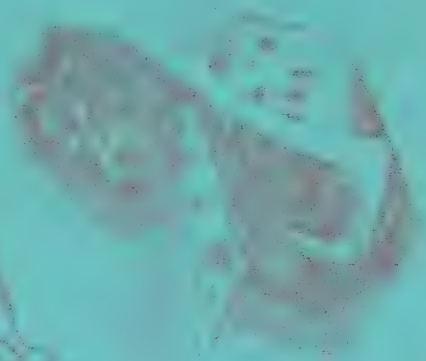


ASSISTANT

THANKS

TIME TO WAKE UP!!

"GOOD MORNING"



SORRY!
I'M
TOO
SLEEPY
TO
WAKE
UP!!



A scene from the
Boy's Annex when
Ira Weiss & Son I
wakes us up in the
morning - polite!
of course!!

650 285
Rd 285

If there is any responsibility
in the cycle of life
it must be that one generation
owes to the next that strength
by which it can come to face
ultimate concerns in its own way

-Erik H. Erikson



Martha Fishkin



I WAS HERE,
BUT NOW LONG ENOUGH

BUT THE ONE BEYOND

James A. Allen
A

The Science Lab.

It has a lot of rats, gerbils and two mice. There was a frog that got away in the science lab. He's still there somewhere maybe dead.

There were two blackfish, one was dying and we had to flush it down the toilet.

There are three pregnant fish. Shelly and John are the science counselors, they are really nice. The rabbit had a big cut on his cheek and Shelly had to stitch it up.

There were a lot of beetles and some of them died. Some ate the pupas and the meal worms died. There are two newborn birds that I found. If you want any animals like rats you can get some at the science lab.

I like the science lab.

By Nina
Jachnowitz



Each day is a slice
56 pieces.

56 moons. ~~ox~~

broken moons — 9

Shattered by our
need to speak
of the tides of

our days.

We speak

With a night voice

and only
our shadows

know how our voices
fly

Each

day is a slice of
a moon.

Richard

12



Cinema Journal may be considered a little bold to some, because it is a magazine of criticism. Each article expresses the opinion of one person, whether it deals with a filmmaker, a film, or anything else having to do with the cinema. The people who have written for it do not expect you to agree with their pieces; they only expect you to read them with an open mind.

The staff hopes that you will find this magazine a stimulating experience and that you will enjoy reading it.

The Editors

The Buck's Rock Film Festival

I arrived in camp hoping that I might help Ernst choose part of the of the films for film festival this year. There were a great many films films I wanted to see, films I believed others would like to see, and the possibility of having these films shown excited me. I thought about the tastes of a person whose interests didn't lie in the cinema, and came up with a list I believed reasonable, at least to an open mind. These films were: "The Gold Rush," "The Informer," "The Lady From Shanghai," "Bringing up Baby," and a few others.

When I learned that Ernst had already picked the films, I waited with eager heart to see the first of the season, "Lord Jim." At the end of the zillionth reel I stood pained and disappointed. "Lord Jim" was remarkably unsuccessful and repulsive. It had been pointed out to me that the epic novel by Conrad couldn't be filmed. The emotions concerning inner struggles cannot be filmed by such a limited director as Richard Brooks. It was often pretentious, it had ludicrous characters who were at best limp stereotypes, and it was ineptly edited. But the worst thing about this ordeal was that it was overlong.

I awaited eagerly for the next film, "Never Give a Sucker an even Break," although friends who had seen it didn't care for it. At least I was sure it would not repeat the pretentious torture of "Lord Jim."

The film had the saving grace of being unpretentious, pretentiousness being the most intolerable of all flaws in art. But I was disappointed nonetheless. "Sucker..." was a fair film, saved from oblivion by such welcome performers as Fields, Pangeborne, and Dumont. It had some clever pieces: the opening scenes, the two restaurant scenes, and the final scenes, but these lasted only briefly. The awful conception of Gloria Jean, a Shirley Temple with iron deficiency, is one of the most painful images in cinema.

I prayed that the next film would be good, but because of it, I became so disgusted by the series of films shown here so far that I wrote, "So much for the Buck's Rock film festival..." "The Notorious Landlady" was an anemic, silly, overworked comedy. The best that I can say for it is that it uses talented performers and that Kim Novak has a nice bosom, although the director uses them both ridiculously. The cameraman, along with Quin, the director, and Whatever-His-Name-Is, the scenarist, must have been drunk.

I missed the next two films that were shown. "Stairway to Heaven" was supposed to be a good film and "The Fall of the House of Usher" was supposed to be awful, but because of my great dedication to the cinema (I did stay through all of "Lord Jim" and "Notorious Landlady") I would have sat through both.

I was excited to see "Fail Safe," the next film, although I doubted its quality. The movie began with a stunning, quick dream sequence of a man's viewing of a bullfight. Unfortunately he awoke, and we found ourselves on the shabby sets and environs of Sidney Lumet, the director. "Fail Safe" was the best film I have seen here at Buck's Rock so far, but if it can be the best, we must be in some desperate situation. Lumet's film has many good sequences; these are tense and depressing ones that work quite well in all respects. Unfortunately, there is a poor script and most of the film is no more than highly-stylized mediocrity.

The plot should be honored as should the last two minutes of the film when the hydrogen bomb is dropped on New York City. This final scene emphasizes Lumet's stylistic flourishes of talent. Yet much of the character conventions are silly (particularly his visual infatuation with bald old men), much of the technical ideas do not come off, and the production is sometimes cheap. I wasn't bored or repelled, though, and that seems to be quite an achievement so far this year.

We have yet to see the rest this year. Unfortunately this article had to be written before the season was over. I hope by the time you are reading this, we will have seen at least one or two films, which give a better view of the cinema.

Scott Baldinger



Buster Keaton

Buster Keaton, one of the greatest silent film comedians, was born in 1895. He started in films in 1917, working under Fatty Arbuckle. While playing second banana to Arbuckle, he learned many of the acting, directing and filmmaking techniques that he later used in his own films. When Arbuckle was implicated in a murder scandal in 1920, Keaton went on to make his own comedy shorts, and gained popularity through such films as "The Scarecrow," "The Boat," and "The Playhouse."

Keaton's style was an ingenious one. Unlike Chaplin, who always played "The Tramp," Keaton, although his characters' personalities were very much the same, played a range of characters. In some films he was poor, in some young, in some a married man. Keaton was also known for the wild and clever stunts which he executed himself. When he was a child, he was a vaudeville acrobat; thus, he could perform many rigorous stunts which usually required a double. These stunts included swinging on a rope over a waterfall, somersaults of various kinds, and all kinds of falls--off trains and boats, out of windows, etc.

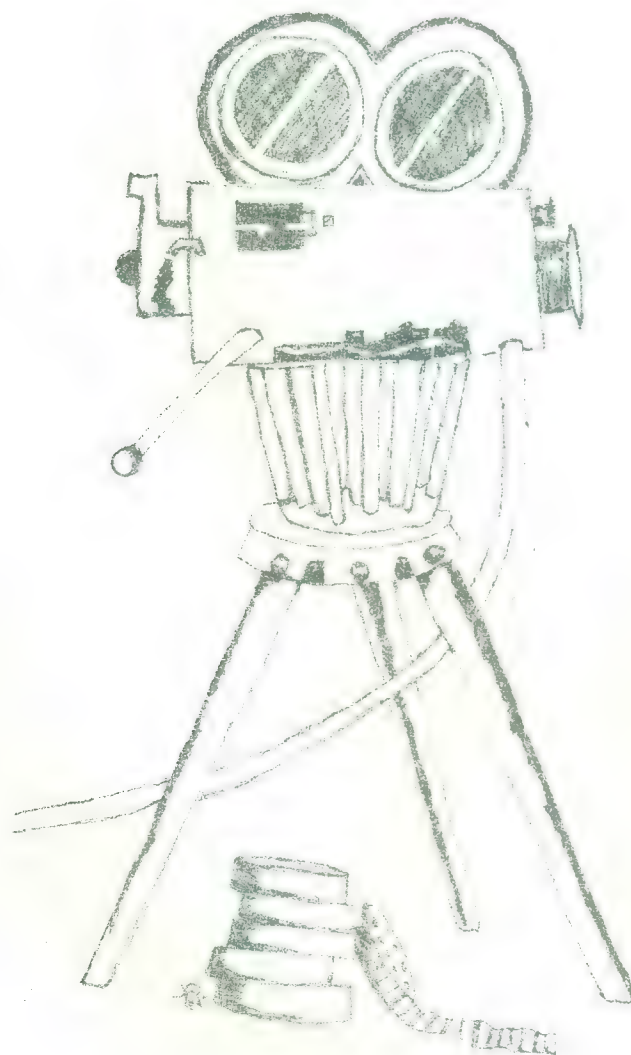
When he stopped making shorts in 1923, Keaton went on to feature films. "Our Hospitality" (1923) dealt with an old family feud involving a boy and a girl from quarrelling families. "Sherlock Jr." (1924), which had some very interesting special effects, was about a movie projectionist who dreams he is a detective. In "The General" (1927) Keaton played an engineer for the Confederate Army in the Civil War.

In 1928, Keaton signed a contract with M-G-M. Sound was coming in and he was no longer allowed total control of his films. In the early 30's his wife, actress Natalie Tamm, divorced him and he started to drink heavily. As a result, his career went downhill. During the 30's, 40's, and 50's he took small parts in cheap films. In the 60's he even reduced himself to taking small parts in "Beach Party" films.

Keaton owned all of his early films and, during his decline in popularity, was ready to throw them away. A friend of his, Raymond Rohauer, took an interest in the films and went through the costly process of having them transferred from nitrate to safety film. If not for Rohauer, none of Keaton's films would have survived, and he probably would have been forgotten.

In 1966, he had a small role in "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" but died during the filming. After Keaton's death, Rohauer re-released the films, and Keaton again rose to fame with a whole new audience. It is unfortunate that Keaton never lived to see the revival of his popularity.

--Jennifer Zogott



Night of the Living Dead

A fine film simply doesn't exist, or so I thought until I stumbled into New York's Bijou Theatre one Sunday evening. Amidst the bottles of wine and the sweet smell of burning rope, I discovered "Night of the Living Dead."

Frankly, I must admit that my filmviewing experience isn't all encompassing, but I have made an effort to keep abreast of the films that have lately received much critical acclaim. So I winced when Popeye Doyle beat up a helpless Negro, I gagged through "Clockwork Orange," I slept through four hours of drivel called "Ryan's Daughter," and I came away generally disgruntled with the condition of the American Cinema. That was until I saw "Night of the Living Dead."

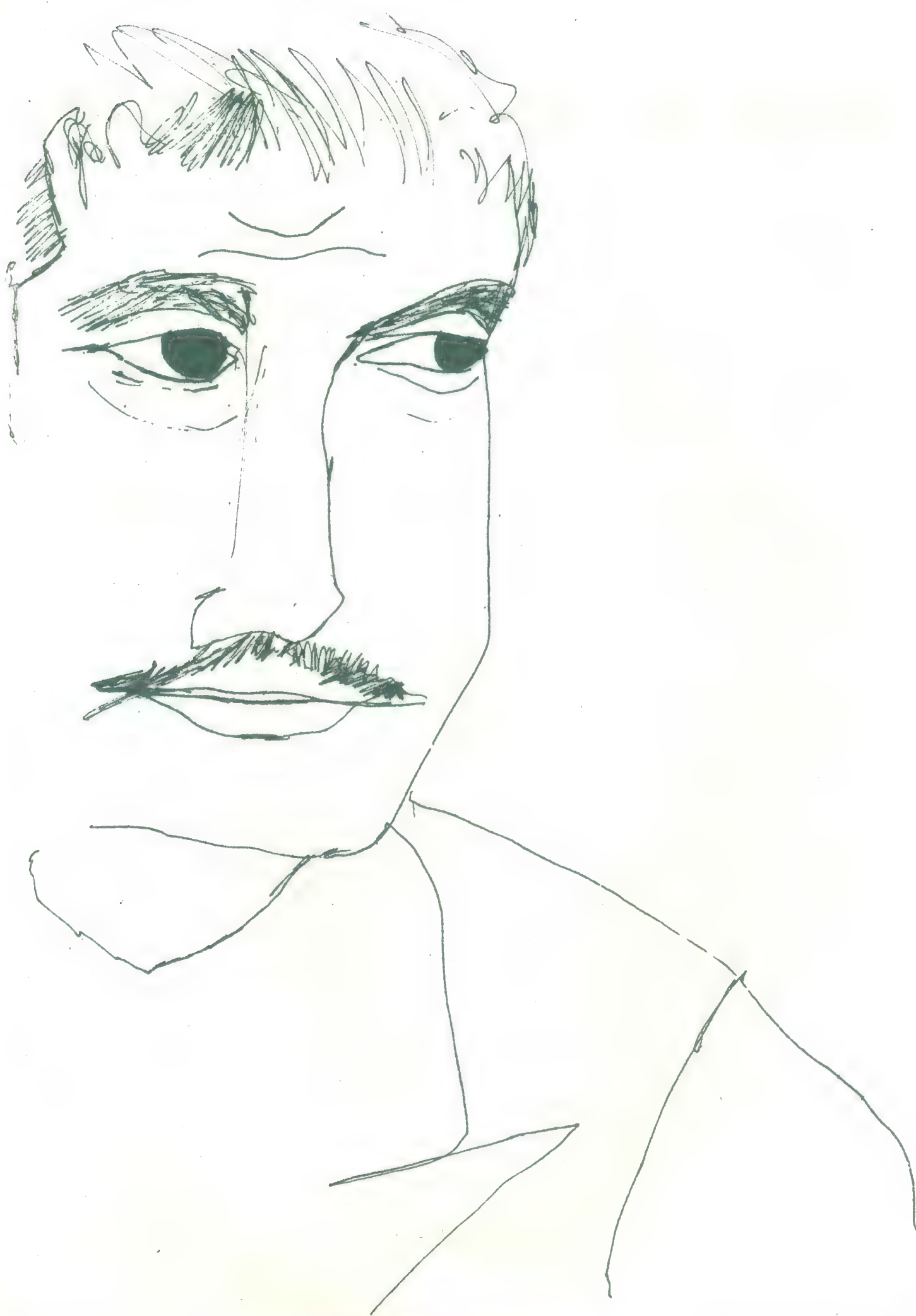
"Night of the Living Dead" is about a strange space radiation that transforms the dead into flesh-eating monsters. A group of people trapped in a farm house must battle off the dishevelled and decaying dead and fight the fear in themselves at the same time. The film is a technical atrocity. The sound, screenplay, and grainy black-and-white photography are simply awful. The acting isn't much better. How then, you ask, can I heap accolades upon a film with such obvious flaws?

I answer that these flaws-keep the film firmly secured in its genre, that of the scary, good-time horror picture. "Night of the Living Dead" happens to be the scariest, most entertaining movie of its kind. You may ponder over Fellini's artistry or Bergman's symbolism, but I ponder when the frightened girl sitting next to me grabs me and gives me an excuse to kiss her on the mouth.

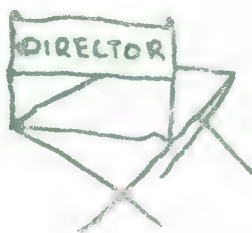
"Night of the Living Dead" isn't all frivolous, though, for in the true tradition of the horror film, the underlying social message is there below the surface. To show that man had begun to take the role of God through his science, director James Whale came up with "Frankenstein." The horror of the atomic bomb in Japan was expressed through "Godzilla," "Mothra," and a flurry of other science fiction films. Now there is "Night of the Living Dead," a film to express the horror of our own chaotic time. The general feeling that we are helpless to control what Alvin Toffler called "Future Shock" is eloquently expressed in "Night of the Living Dead."

There is a new generation in this country, people tired of selling death and bending to senseless rituals, people simply interested in having a good time. It is logical that this whole generation has adopted "Night of the Living Dead" as one of its movies, for, like the throngs who flock to see it, it is for having a good time, and it has something to say as well.

--Jonathon Cohen



Preston Sturges



The American Cinema of the 1940's was very interesting. The first half of it had the war effort reflected in almost every film, and the second half presented a new realism which had never before been presented in America.

Many American directors of the 1940's stand out. There was Frank Capra--constantly telling us that you can't keep a good guy down; blood-and-guts but no innovation Raoul Walsh; great American John Ford; and pleasant William Wellman, to name a few.

One American filmmaker does not stand out because his films are always neglected and are never allowed to be re-released commercially. He is also rarely appraised. He was the only satirist in a Hollywood which was largely propagandistic--Preston Sturges.

In the crazy world of Preston Sturges there would be a sign in a flophouse--"HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO MOTHER LATELY?" A little office clerk could win a slogan contest for a coffee company with the slogan, "IF YOU CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT IT'S NOT THE COFFEE--IT'S THE BUNK." In the films of Sturges, a timid, stupid nobody could rise to fame or make history. A film director who had never seen poverty could dramatically go off disguised as a tramp to find out what it's like...with a truckload of publicity men following.

In 1929, Sturges sold the movie script of his hit play, "Strictly Dishonorable," and then joined Paramount Studios as a scenarist. He wrote several scripts ("Easy Living," "The Power and the Glory") and in 1940 asked if he could direct a film as well as write it. Thus appeared "The Great McGinty," a powerful satire on crooked politics. This gained Sturges his only Academy Award--ironically, for writing and not directing.

After this, Sturges went on to write and direct many more successful and beautiful films under Paramount. "Christmas in July" (1940) dealt with a timid company clerk who wrote a slogan in a coffee contest and is involved in a mixup over winning the \$25,000 prize. This spoofed the contest craze of the 1930's and early 1940's. "The Lady Eve" (1942) was a pleasant comedy dealing with a herpetologist and some cardsharps on a boat trip. "Sullivan's Travels" (1942) is perhaps Sturges' greatest film, with a no-holds barred satire on the Hollywood

movie industry. In essence, he bit the hand that fed him. Then he made "The Palm Beach Story" (1942), a pleasant little comedy. In 1944 Sturges made "Hail the Conquering Hero" and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," both spoofs of modern society and the military. They both starred Eddie Bracken, a mediocre and very broad comic actor, but Sturges used him well.

Also in 1944, he made "The Great Moment," the story of a Boston dentist who first gets the idea of using ether for patients in both dentistry and medicine. This film was the last of the classic Sturges. His contract with Paramount then ended and he did not renew. Sturges was topflight material, and many companies gave him offers. But after he quit Paramount his career went steadily downhill. For a short time (1 film, 2 years), he had a partnership with Howard Hughes and made "Unfaithfully Yours," a comedy about a conductor and his murder schemes. He then made two more Hollywood films "Mad Wednesday," (1951) a silly, but interesting swan song for Harold Lloyd, and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1952), a vehicle for Betty Grable--need I say more?? His last film was the total failure, "The French They Are a Funny Race." (1957) It is sad that such a great filmmaker met such a curious end. He died in 1959.


Sturges' art lay in the fact that along with his satire, biting wit, and serious subjects, he'd throw in a pratfall here, a pie-in-the-face there, and a slip-on-a-banana-peel there. Another aspect of it was his casting. For his leads, he used such mediocre actors as Joel McCrea, Betty Field, Dick Powell, and Ellen Drew, but he used them to the best of their abilities. Then, in supporting roles, he would use such masters of comedy as Franklin Pangborn, William Demarest, Ernest Truex, Eric Blore, Raymond Walburn and Julius Tannen.

It is a shame that a director like Preston Sturges--who belongs in the ranks with Griffith, Chaplin, Cukor and Renoir--is so badly and so quickly neglected.

--David Lida



Stanley Kubrick:



In 1968, when "2001: A Space Odyssey" first came out, I rushed to a first-run theatre to see it. The film is set in the future, like most of Kubrick's films. It is about two astronauts in space in a large space ship run by a computer named Hal. As the movie progresses, Hal revolts and kills one astronaut by sending him out into space without oxygen. The rest of the movie, to some, is a profound statement of man and his relationship to time and eternity, and to others it is a muddled mess of nonsense.

According to the critics it was either a masterful bit of art or a colorful bit of trash. It got a goodly number of favorable reviews which prompted many who might not otherwise have gone to see it to do so. In the theatre where I saw it I was amused to see people around me explain in whispers their own interpretations of each plot twist to their spouses or friends or relatives, who were either bored or unreceptive. Others in the audience fell asleep.

In my own opinion the film was both a foundering piece of nonsense and, in some ways, a profound statement. I'm not sure that even Kubrick himself knew what each bit of "profound symbolism" was supposed to mean. People wondered (those who didn't like "2001") what had happened to the brilliant Kubrick of "Doctor Strangelove," a film which was a brilliant satire of the American military, the President, and his friends.

So the stage was set for Kubrick's most recent film, "A Clockwork Orange." It came out in late '71, and most of the critical response was excellent, although there was some negative feedback concerning the amount of violence in the film.

"A Clockwork Orange" is futuristic,

of Odysseys and Oranges

naturally; it deals with the city of London, which at this time is dominated by teenage gangs who rape, beat-up, steal from and terrorize other people. The hero of the film, Alex, is a young gang leader. He and his "droogs" (friends) speak Nadsat, a Russian slang, and have a code of living different from that of the older people living in London. Alex's gang decides that they don't like his tyrannical leadership. They revolt by arranging for Alex to be captured by police and sent to prison. There he volunteers for an experimental treatment (not knowing exactly what it is) which makes him incapable of having sex or being violent. The rest of the plot is an incredible and engaging fantasy trip which makes for very interesting viewing.

"A Clockwork Orange" won the N.Y. Critic's Award for best picture and best director. It was nominated (but not selected) Best Picture in the Academy Awards, and Stanley Kubrick was nominated for Best Director. For the Awards telecast they showed a clip from "A Clockwork Orange" which was the bloodiest and most violent scene in the film. It probably stopped a lot of people, who thought the whole film was like that, from going to see it.

"2001" was more of an "arty" film. Its beautiful photography, gorgeous colors and special effects were its good points. The bad points, though, far outweighed the good. Its plot was incredibly muddled, and the viewer never knew exactly what was going on. A comment on the acting is hard to make, since there was so little dialogue. As for the great black monolith, I think it stood for time or eternity, while "2001", I think, symbolized exactly how much junk Kubrick could feed the audience and get away with. The film could have been what it strived for; i.e., an important, pioneering, meaningful film, if the screenplay were clearer. Another director? Perhaps.

As for "A Clockwork Orange," there is much more to be said. Kubrick handled "Clockwork" so well, it was one smooth trip to the future and back. It emerged as a skillful, bravura film, beautifully done. It was amusing as well, especially the scene in which Alex has sex with two teeny-boppers in fast motion, to the strains of "William Tell Overture." Other parts were more wryly amusing. The whole mood of the film was flippant; even though parts of the plot were unbelievable, you still were laughing as well as crying throughout the film. If the future turns out as Kubrick (and Burgess, the author) envisions it, we have much to fear; it was depressing to look at the London of "A Clockwork Orange."

And there it is, Kubrick at his worst and at his best. All in all, I consider him to be a brilliant and imaginative director and I await his next film.

Gail Dunbar

ERNST'S TEN FAVORITE FILMS

The Treasure of the Sierra Madre

The Seventh Seal

Wild Strawberries

Mutiny on the Bounty

Dr. Strangelove

The Shop on Main Street

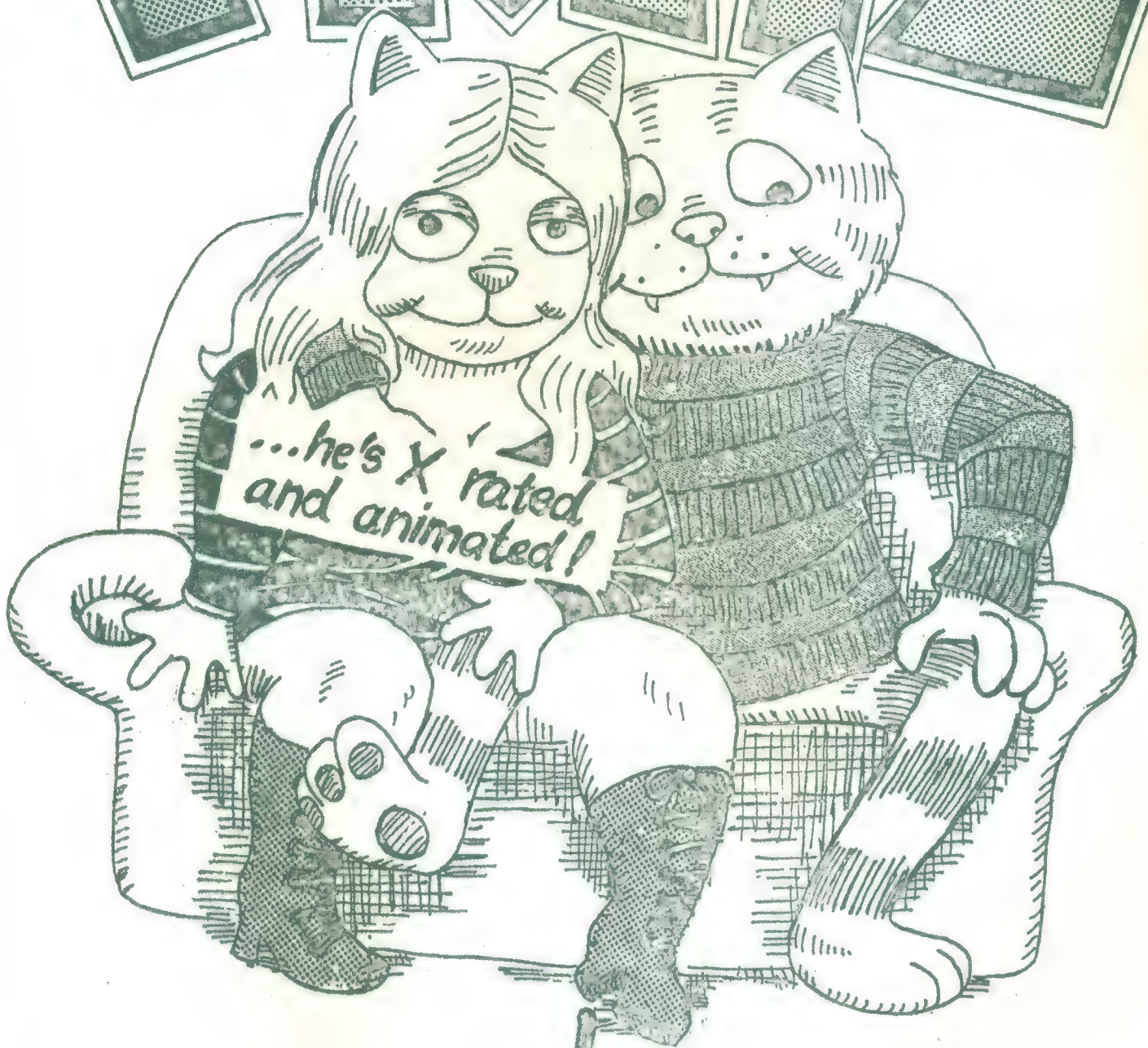
Potemkin

Hamlet

The Grapes of Wrath

King of Hearts

FRIZZ



the CAT

Fritz the Cat was on perilous ground right from the beginning. The question was, "Could R. Crumb's work be successfully transplanted to the screen without losing its candidness?" And an even more important question than that was, "Has Bakshi, the man responsible in the main for making the film, commercialized R. Crumb and his work?"

In the beginning of the film, everything seems to be going well. There is the novelty of seeing things done in an animated film that no one had ever dared to do before. Bakshi is sticking pretty close to R. Crumb's subject matter and typical characters. The plot has direction. We are introduced to Fritz and shown, by his interaction with fellow college students, just what kind of animal he is.

The adjectives that might best describe him are: Phony (with a capital P!), unintelligent, pseudo-sensitive, ersatz-intellectual, selfish, and egotistical. All this sounds pretty bad and it is, but the whole idea is that Fritz embodies the traits of the typical liberal--- preaching broad-minded ideals with not the slightest idea of what he's talking about, since the amount of actual experience he's had in this world would fit into a pistachio nut shell with room to rattle around. This is a character we've all come into contact with and the satirization of him is sharp and funny.

But somewhere along the line the film gets out of focus. It loses its wit because it ceases to talk about anything important. The reason why it's not talking about anything important is that Bakshi has forgotten that he is not doing his own thing. He should be involved in bringing somebody else's thing, intact, to a new medium. The movie departs from being relevant and hysterically funny at the point where it finishes being Crumb and starts being Bakshi.

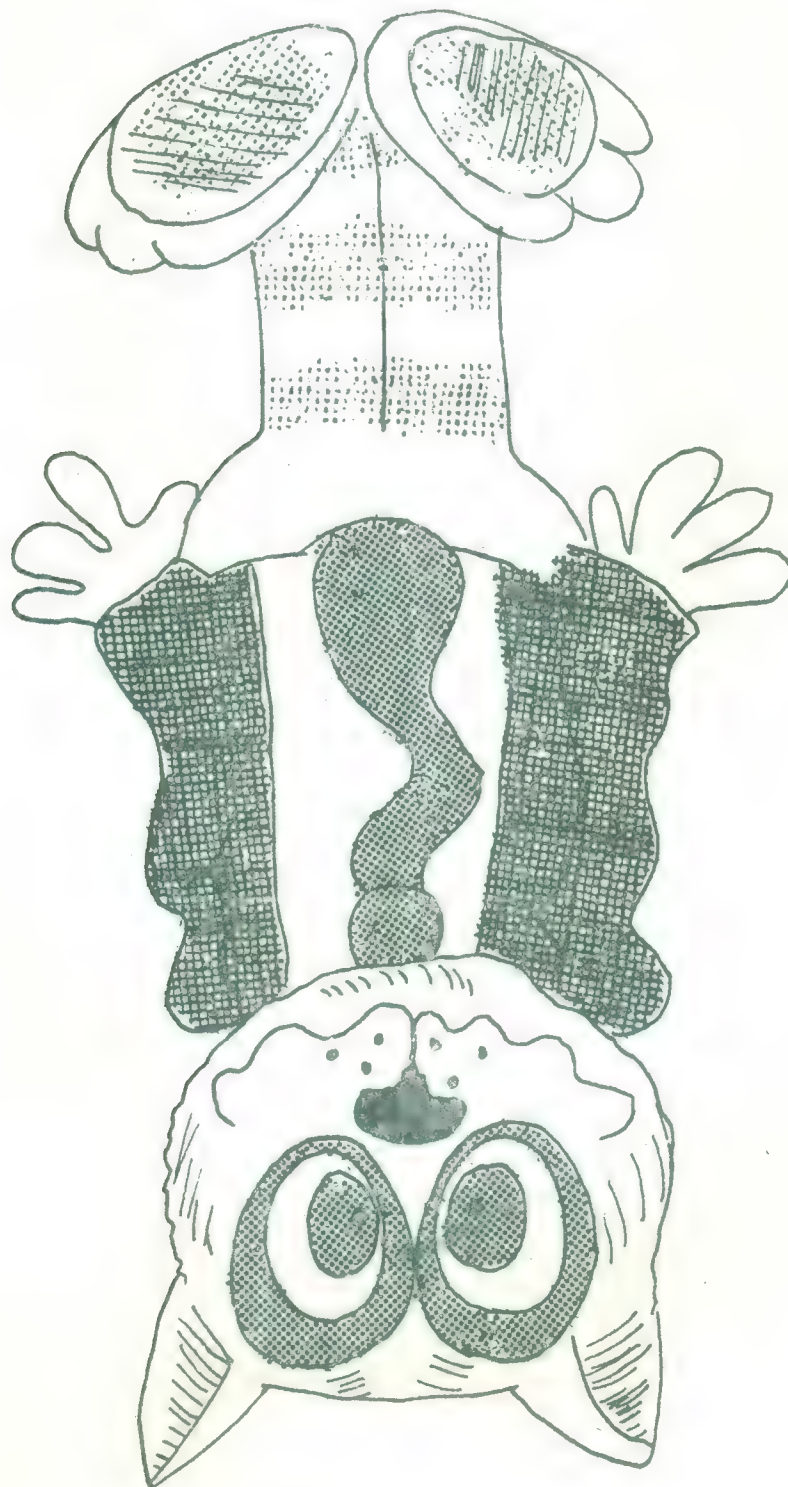
Where is this point? You can never draw the exact line, but it is definitely Bakshi after the riot scene that Fritz supposedly incites in Harlem. First of all, the phlegmatic speech that Fritz made would never have caused a riot in real life, but, more importantly, Crumb would never have stooped to using only one animal, the crow, to represent black people. And to use only pigs to represent policemen is such an obvious cliché that I wonder how in the world Bakshi could have done it. Despite this, the scene still has wit because Fritz's personality is so beautifully defined that his interaction with the crows is achingly funny.

After he escapes from the police, though, and travels to California, everything really slides downhill. By this time the film has lost its credibility completely, and after trying a few more outrageous plot ideas on, to see if they'll sustain

any interest whatsoever, it ends.

R. Crumb hated Fritz the Cat, but you cannot really hate this film unless it's your work being sabotaged on screen. The beginning and part of the middle really ring true and they're highly entertaining. On the whole, that's what makes the rest of this film such a terrible disappointment--that it didn't live up to its beginning.

Adrienne Dunbar



Decline of the *Horror* Film

In the 20's and the 30's the horror film blossomed and prospered. Actors like Chaney and Karloff ruled the medium, along with directors like James Whale, Ted Browning, and Robert Florey. However, in the late 30's, banality set in and by the late 40's the studios realized that they had used and re-used a thousand times over every conceivable horror theme and angle. Unfortunately, the realization came too late. Every two-bit film comic had already used horror as a comic device, thus degrading it as an art form. I refer to such comics as the Bowery Boys, Abbott and Costello, and the Three Stooges.

In the 50's a new angle was discovered. The creatures that were now focused upon resembled creatures of the 40's in that they attacked in packs and were so very inhuman. Only these fantastic horrors were called "teenagers." As if there wasn't enough fright when twenty or thirty of these greasy-haired cretins stumbled across the screen, they were pursued by slimy, slithery outer-space animals and vegetables that reminded one of nothing so much as stawberry yoghurt. I refer of course to the Blob and the rest of his nondescript friends.

The chief apostle of these teenage frightshows was producer-director Herman Cohen. His "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein" has been praised over and over as one of the ten worst films in history. What is even more amazing and disappointing than the fact that these films were made is that their grossness grossed.

One film company was actually interested in making serious horror films. In the late 50's, Hammer Studios, a branch of American International, decided it was time to revive the classics in horror. The earliest of these efforts were "Curse of Frankenstein" and "Horror of Dracula." With lavish sets and high production costs, these films contained marvelous close-ups of technicolor people oozing technicolor blood, and offered a few chills and much nausea. However, the real horror was gone. We found that we liked the old black-and-whites better, in that they offered us more stark terror.

Meanwhile, producer-director William Castle was pioneering the movie "gimmick." In his film, "The Tingler," a scientist discovers that living in human spinal columns is a tingler, a creature which grows in size when one is afraid. This pest will snap the spine unless one screams,



in which case the creature loses its grip. During the film it is announced that a full size tingler is loose in the theatre and that all should scream for their lives. Here is where the gimmick comes in; in some theatres the audience was treated to a low voltage current running through the seats. However, it is expensive for a theatre to wire its seats for one film, and also rather risky. Consequently, in many theatres the film lost any punch that the gimmick might have packed, and it appeared as a rather ordinary film with a few plot twists here and there.

Throughout the fifties and the sixties there were exceptions to the bad film trend. "The Thing" with James Arness is a study in the terror of the unknown. The "Planet of the Apes" series consisted of four very imaginative films which are, at times, witty and philosophical. Unlike most film series, the "Apes" sequels seem to get better and better although never quite as good as the first. Unfortunately, for each exceptionally good film there are a thousand bad ones. ("Mark of the Devil," "Tales from the Crypt," et alia, ad nauseum)

Another favorite angle of the 50's and 60's, the favorite of director Roger Corman, I call the Poe angle. It consists of taking a Poe story and doing a film whose plot has a vague connection with the story's title. Corman found his fortune in Poe but he seemed to be the only one who prospered because of the films. Any Buck's Rucker who is worth his weight in celluloid can attest to the fact that films like "The Fall of the House of Usher" did nothing for Edgar Allan Poe's public image.

Horror films serve not only as a source of entertainment but also as an emotional outlet. As a form of commercial entertainment they have a future because the public is always ready to spend money to be scared silly. As an art form, they have a future only if filmmakers use their imaginations, come up with fresh ideas, and don't overwork those they come up with. With a knowledge of past mistakes, the foresight not to make them again, and a willingness to give time and care to new horror films these films can once again be as great as they once were.



Jessie Rabinowitz

Movie Books

Don't crucify me, folks, but this is my first attempt at writing an article. I'm not attempting to review any books on a specific subject, (God, man, you could devote a whole journal to them!) Just the books written on the history of cinema, on an era, or the people who make movies.

The American Cinema (Andrew Sarris) This paperback is crammed with information on every American film director since D.W. Griffith. This book contains a complete filmography of each director. There is also a chapter on comedians. I in particular enjoyed Mr. Sarris's gleeful tearing down of Jerry Lewis. While you may not always agree with the author's taste, it is a must for anyone who desires fast practical information on film directors.

All Talking, All Singing, All Dancing (John Springer) Except as a pictorial history of the musical picture, this book really has very little value whatsoever. The writing, what little there is of it, is in an annoyingly folksy style... "Fellow on the right. Name's Crosby. Bing, that is." Also, there is no real information or any opinions. You never know what the author thinks of a movie.

The Bad Guys (William K. Everson) I must confess. William K. Everson is one of my very favorite authors. The book, like all of his others, is witty, fast-moving and informative. It covers the villains of every country since the beginning of the cinema. It's also got scads of photographs. For once, a film book worth its price.

Classics of the Silent Screen (Joe Franklin) This, by anybody's standards, is pure blech. Dear Mr. Franklin makes mistakes by the dozens, writes in a real "Shucks, fellers" manner, and pads the book unmercifully. I only recommend it to Esther Ralston and William Haines freaks.

50 Classic Films (David Zinman) This is a very mediocre book. Mr. Zinman drives me crazy by continually beginning his chapters with descriptive statements, neglecting to mention the subject's name until the third paragraph. Some of it is informative, but the author commits the unforgivable sin of twisting the stars' lives for dramatic effect. Any decent buff worth his salt should be up in arms.

Gotta Sing, Gotta Dance (John Kobal) At last, a truly great book on musicals! There is no fatuousness, no lying, no fan magazine drive! It chronicles the musicals from 1927 to 1967. It's witty, and (unlike 95% of all movie books) is also illuminating on the technical aspect of film. If you find a dearth of material on your favorite star, that is because the book is concerned with all the stars, and doesn't play favorites. Buy or borrow!

The Great Stars, The Golden Years (David Shipman) This is chronicling the stars from 1915-1942. It has a section on just about every English or American star there was. With an evaluation and a complete, concise filmography, and a picture or two. It is information, not entertainment. And for the fanatic who wants information it is a real gem.

Immortals of the Screen (?) Bleeah! Who cares who the author is? I'm sorry, but Slim Summerville, Mack Swain and Jack Carson (not to mention Bob Burns and Ross Alexander) are not my ideas of all-time greats!! There is a short biography, an incomplete filmography, and pictures from every lousy B-picture that Hollywood ever tried to forget. Avoid at all costs.

Movie Comedy Teams (Leonard Maltin) This is a breezy, very obscure little paperback. Most of the big time teams (and most of the less famous) are chronicled fully and well. It's worth its price, especially if you dig Laurel and Hardy.

The Movies (Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer) "The Movies" is an OK book, but not much else. The writing style is trying to capitalize on how campy some of those movies were. It has an unusual number of mistakes, but it is all-right entertainment.

The Movie Stars (Richard Griffith) After Arthur Mayer's death, Richard Griffith undertook this solo effort. Reading it makes one suspect that the mediocrity of their collaborations was solely Mr. Mayer's fault. This is a superior book. It concentrates on the stars, from the dawn of film till now, and there is a long section on the great moguls, like Louis B. Mayer and Jesse Lasky. It has many pictures, and almost no mistakes. It is written in a witty, fluid style.

The Rise and Fall of American Humor (Jesse Bier) This book is not only on film, but also on cartoonists and literates. It is intended as a scholarly volume on American humor. It fails. Almost the whole thing is written in double talk, most of the time making no sense whatsoever. It gives only a passing mention to Buster Keaton, and as a Keaton fanatic, I find that unforgivable! It spends useless time analyzing extremely minor humorists and is in general, very dull.

The Stars (Richard Schickel) Yet another seemingly endless expensive volume. Stuffed with pictures we've all seen before, misnaming film titles right and left, and dealing out flat witticisms, this just ain't worth it. And why does he lionize Chaplin at Keaton's expense?

The Talkies (Richard Griffith) This is a compilation of "Photoplay" magazine articles of the 1930's. Mr. Griffith supplies a forward to each section. It's great fun, especially when you realize that people took the articles seriously. Most of the articles are drivel, but highly entertaining.



--Elisa DeCarlo

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO:

Charles Foster Kane
Captain Spaulding
Max and Andy
Alice Adams
Casy and Muley
Truffaut's "Blows"
Paulie
The Far Siders Who Should Be Pantheons
Why Charles Champlin?
Intolerance
The Cutting Room Floor
Marechal, Rosenthal and Jerieux,
and
"I, Claudius" - the film that never was

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THE PUBLICATIONS SHOP WORKERS

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Adrienne Dunbar
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Jesse Rabinowitz
Jennifer Zogott

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Production - Paul Bookbinder,
Ken Friedman, Margaret Elliott

Cit's - Richard Carlin, Laurie
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A BUCKS ROCK PRODUCTION

David
Arden



WEEDER'S DIGEST

(revisited)

Ex Libris Bulovae

The rhythm of Buck's Rock is a wonderful pattern of constant change.

YEARBOOK 1963

The pattern of Buck's Rock is a wonderful rhythm of constant change.

YEARBOOK 1964

Change at Buck's Rock is a constant pattern of wonderful rhythm.

YEARBOOK 1965

The pattern at Buck's Pock is a constant change of rhythmic wonder-
fullness.

YEARBOOK 1966

The wonderfulness of Pattern's Rhythm is a bucking rock of changing,
constantly.

YEARBOOK 1967

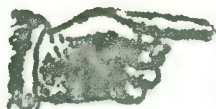
Rhythm of Ruxie Bixie is a constant change to a new shrdlu.

YEARBOOK 1968

weeder's

BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT VOLUME 30 **1** 1972

digest



Weeder's Digest, a Buck's Rock institution for many years, had its humble beginnings in 1944. It started as a mimeographed news sheet called The Buck's Rock Weekly. The Weekly gave news on camp activities, world news, and politics.

Through the years, the newspaper became more sophisticated. It employed more complicated production processes: two-sided printing, colored inks, photographs, silkscreens, Gestefax stencils, other things. It also concentrated less on journalism and more on literature and art.

In the late 40's the paper was re-named Weeder's Digest. The title was a pun on Reader's Digest, and also on the fact that Buck's Rock was originally a farming camp.

There were many Weeder's traditions, including the Farewell Issue and the Lampoon. The Farewell Issue was usually full of articles, poems, and stories about how miserable everyone was to leave camp. The Lampoon was a satire, often employing Ernst in ludicrous ways, such as Ernst for President and Ernst on the Moon.

In 1968 Weeder's dropped the second half of its name. The quality of those later Weeder's was excellent, some issues comparable to literary-art magazines.

The Publications Shop produced no Weeder's this year, preferring instead to produce more specialized magazines. We have revived Weeder's here to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of Buck's Rock, since Weeder's has played such an important role in the life of the camp.

Weeder's had a long and glorious history. In this magazine, we have reprinted a selection of articles representative of what Weeder's was like through the years. Here you have the best of Weeder's past. We hope you enjoy it.

Jennifer Zogott

Buck's Rock! For months I had looked forward to the day when I would arrive at my summer vacation spot. At long last, the day arrived. As the last suitcase was piled on the train and all good-byes were said, girls and boys were on their way to Buck's Rock and looking forward to a wonderful summer.

Having arrived at our destination, we piled off the trucks and many unfamiliar faces greeted us with smiles and friendly hellos. We were then told where our homes for the summer would be. As each newcomer scurried toward his bunk, a feeling of friendliness came over him. Looking over the campus, one could see many activities in which he could participate throughout the summer, among them sports, farming, working in the shops, and many others.

The atmosphere at Buck's Rock seems friendly, free, and full of spirit. Each old camper tries to make the new ones comfortable and at home. There is such a varied program that no one can find himself bored or with nothing to do. With all these things in mind, my first impressions of Buck's Rock have led me to believe that I will have a wonderful summer full of new ideas, new experiences, and many new friendships.

by marcia toonkel

first IMPRESSIONS

I arrived at Buck's Rock during pre-season. My first impression was one of unregimentation. As I arrived, a gong rang. In any other camp this would be the signal for the beginning of a mad rush of campers running to their next activities. But there were no running campers. The only signs of activity were some campers meandering along the grounds, and the gong didn't seem to affect them in the least. I later learned that the gong had only signalled the end of rest period, but even so, Buck's Rock has hardly impressed me with having the regimentation of other camps.

The equipment struck me next. On my first trip through the shop building, the shops were in great disorder, so I didn't realize that they were full of marvelous tools. Using this equipment, campers have accomplished some remarkable feats. When I first saw the infirmary, I thought it was terrific, but when I learned it was built by the campers, I was amazed!

But the atmosphere of friendliness here has impressed me more than anything else. When I got here I was feeling pretty lost, until some old campers introduced themselves to me and took me into their baseball game. In no time at all I was feeling right at home. Old campers always seem to be willing to give some time to show a camper the ropes.

Well, that's it; freedom, facilities, and friendliness, all of which help to make a fine summer at Buck's Rock.

by hank levee

VICTORY FARM



VOLUNTEERS

of the U. S. CROP CORPS

This is to certify that _____

Has joined with thousands of other American youth on the home front
in performing essential farm work,

Has rendered this wartime service in a spirit of willingness and co-
operation, and

Has, therefore, merited special recognition as a

**Victory Farm Volunteer
in 1945**

Manning Jones
War Food Administrator

[Signature]
County Extension Agent

Raymond K. Clapp
State Extension Director



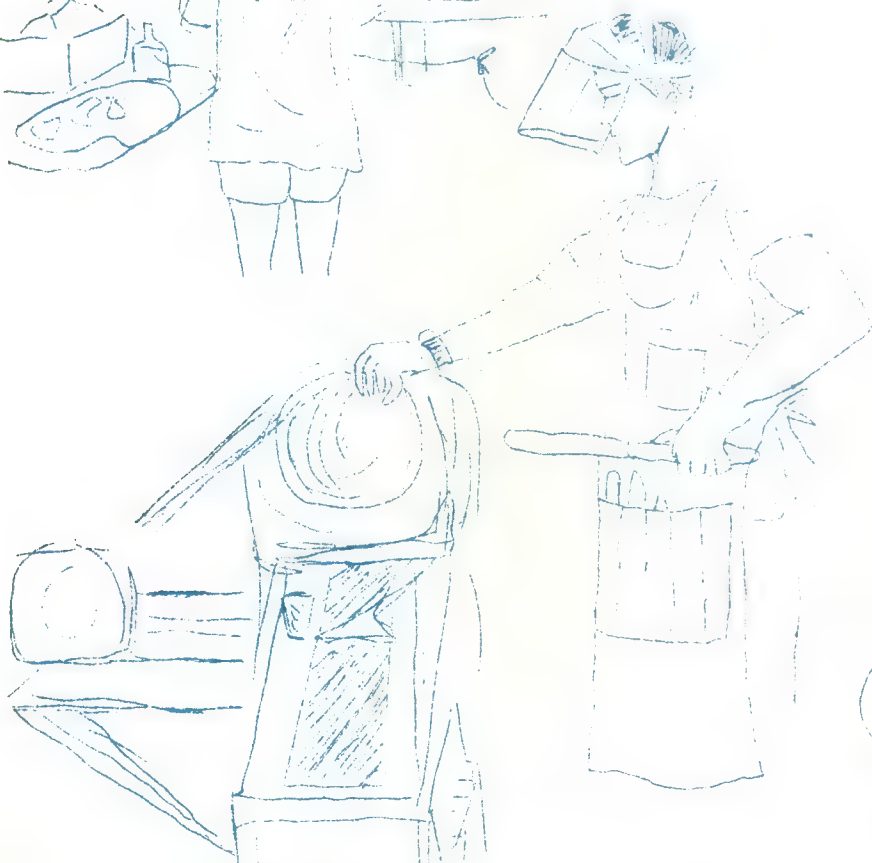
In the early years, Buck's Rock was
a group of young people who volunteered
to spend their summers working on farms
in New Milford for the U.S. war effort. The camp was "a
tight community, dedicated to and tied together by the
work they were doing. The spirit was a group spirit;
the entire camp in those days had only 120 people. Over
the years, the size and purpose of the camp has changed,
but many new campers are still struck by the spirit of
togetherness that exists here."



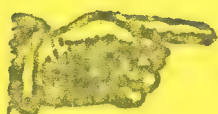
BLUE PRINT:

when I return next

year I'm going to.....



sketched at the shops by margaret rosenblum



When the war ended, campers worked on the Buck's Rock farm and in the shops to raise money for refugees in Italy, Holland, and Austria. In the shops, the emphasis was on mass producing items for sale on the Buck's Rock selling stand. Campers would design projects and then submit them to the SPPC, the Shop Planning and Production Committee, for approval. This sense of teamwork and group effort persisted long after the war was over.



buck's rock produces

by gail rubin

Production, both on farms and in shops, will once again result in hours and wages. Hours are earned by working on some approved project. At the end of the day, each camper's hours (if he has any) are marked up on the chart in the Social Hall. The only things you can get credit for are those that will be sold and will bring in profit. Activities, such as the publications ("Weeder's Digest" and the Yearbook) and the work of the construction crew, which are non-profit, do not offer hours to their workers.

At the end of the season, the hourly wage of the shops and farm is determined separately. After the cost of all materials used has been deducted from the total income, the hours spent on the farm or in the shops are totaled. The net profit is then divided by the total sum of hours and an hourly wage is determined. The amount you earn is arrived at by multiplying the hourly wage by your individual hours.

In the shops you can earn money by working on production and possibly by getting designer's credit. This will be a point taken up in the forthcoming meetings of the Central Shop Planning Committee, as it is decided annually. The committee has to approve every article before it goes into production. The farms will be making money by wholesale selling to camp and, along with the shops, by week-end sales and at Festival.

HUSTLING - in 4 easy lessons

I have achieved many accomplishments in my years at Buck's Rock, but the greatest (or should I say the most profitable?) was in becoming an F.F.H. (full fledged hustler). Hustling requires talent. It cannot be done by everyone. Only a privileged few can trample upon other people's dignities (and also their bodies) in order to get food, and get away with it. The following are the few easy lessons to follow, in order to become an F.F.H.

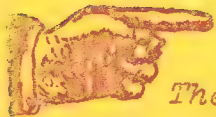
I. When you approach the line, look first for some of your friends. (If you have no friends, forget the whole thing now.) After you've found them, start an interesting conversation. The more interesting the conversation, the better are your chances of hustling behind them. Of course, watch out that you don't slip in front of a counselor. This is not advisable, as counselors don't usually appreciate hustling, especially in front of them.

II. If lesson I doesn't work, try II. This goes as follows. Find two naive, unsuspecting counselors first. (This shouldn't be too hard.) Tell counselor A that you must get to the front, and that counselor B gave you permission. Then reverse the story and tell it to counselor B. Usually, this will work well, unless, of course, these two naive, unsuspecting counselors compare notes. Then just say a prayer and make a dash for the bunk.

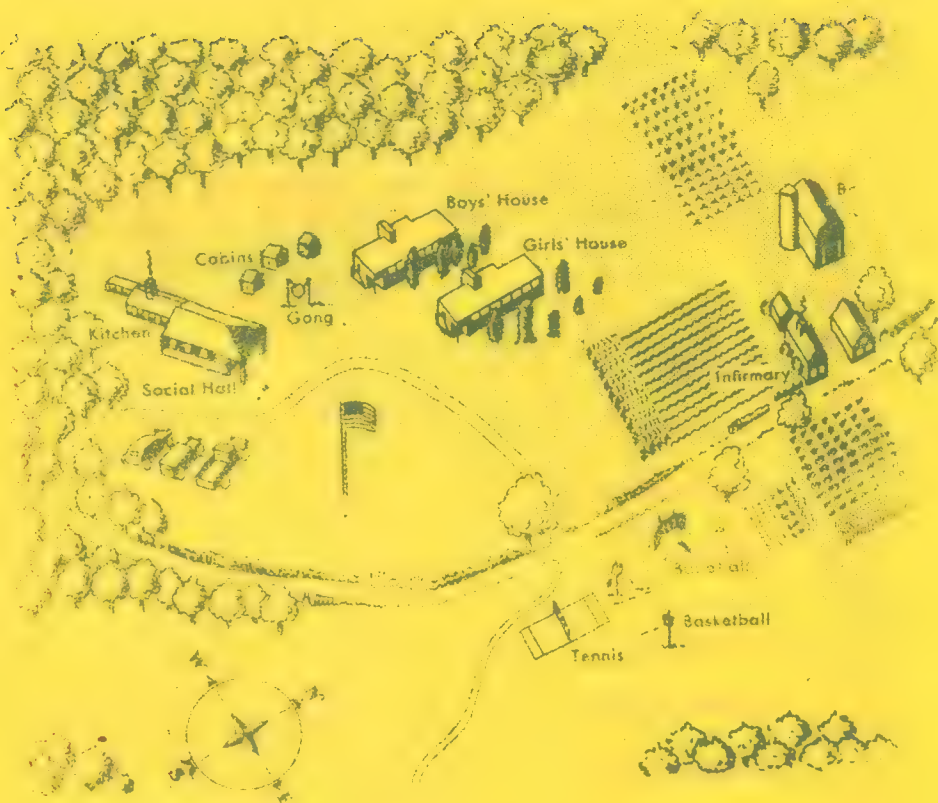
III. If both I and II don't work, there is always old reliable III. This is known as the mad dash. When you think most people's backs are turned, you scramble for the line. Naturally, there is the possibility of trampling a few people to shreds, including yourself, but that's the risk you must take. (I advise this lesson only for the adventurous type.)

IV. If none of these rough, exciting ways appeal to you, there is always IV. For this lesson, all you do is walk to the end of the line and stand there smiling. This way you make friends, influence people, and do not kill yourself. (Hey, that's not a bad idea!!)





The original camp grounds housed campers in two large modern houses and a few cabins. The social hall, the gong, the farm, and the infirmary augmented the living quarters. There were no shops and only a few athletic facilities in those days.



LOOK KIDDIES! TODAY WE ARE GOING TO LEARN HOW TO WRITE A LETTER HOME!
JUST PUT A CHECK IN THE BOX NEXT TO THE MOST FITTING ANSWER!

Dear

- ☐ Parent
- ☐ Friend
- ☐ Psychiatrist
- ☐ Guppy

The weather is

- ☐ non-existent
- ☐ non-descript
- ☐ outside my bunk
- ☐ Inside my bunk

This morning I

- ☐ went to church
- ☐ drained the camp of black coffee
- ☐ played my banjo at Tanglewood and told everyone that I was from Shaker Village

I love Buck Rock because

- ☐ this is not a make-out camp
- ☐ It builds strong bodies in twelve different ways
- ☐ Jerry Maze is here
- ☐ It's full of Neitzschean supermen
- ☐ of the Lampoon staff
- ☐ we have Intellectuals and Hal Ewen

My counselor is

- ☐ making me write this letter
- ☐ a spy from Lincoln Farm
- ☐ Growing a beard

I wanna go home because

- ☐ my canteen fund is gone
- ☐ we had three feet of snow last night
- ☐ even the cows are pregnant
- ☐ the lampoon staff is rotten to the core
- ☐ I miss Ben Casey

The food is

- ☐ exotic
- ☐ pathetic
- ☐ palatable
- ☐ chicken a la King
- ☐ strikingly fine
- ☐ 80 proof

We are being investigated by the

- ☐ FCC
- ☐ DAR
- ☐ AEC
- ☐ ICC
- ☐ HUAC

We'll, I gotta go now because

- ☐ I want to be at the head of the chow line
- ☐ I want to be at the head of the bathroom line
- ☐ I'm sitting on the gong and it's two o'clock
- ☐ Matthew Katz is pulling on my beard

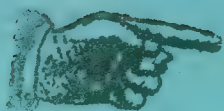
Yours with

- ☐ Love
- ☐ Poison Ivy
- ☐ Love and squalor
- ☐ A four-cent stamp

(signed)

- ☐ Tiffany
- ☐ Ernst
- ☐ Joan Baez
- ☐ Linus
- ☐ Carnival
- ☐ Button





One of the early stages used by our summer theater was nothing but eight wooden cartons which could be disassembled and stored away during the winter.



Shakespeare was talented, but anyone 400 years old is about due for a face-lifting. Accordingly, we humbly offer this improved edition of...

The Travestie of King Richard Third

by William Shakespeare, Esq.
Edited and liberally revised by David Tabbat,
D.D.S., Ph.D., W.B.B.C.

Once upon a time, in Merrie England, there was a merrie war, called by botanists the War of the Roses. Besides exterminating most of the nobility, it practically wiped out the English rose. It was a war between the noble houses of York,¹ Lancaster,² and Seagram,³ and the crown went merrily bouncing from one noble noggin to another.

When the play Richard III begins, the York's are in power.⁴ The monarch is Edward IV, who is merrie with his barons,⁵ his queen, and Mistress Jane Shore.⁶ Richard, his brother, is not merrie. He is a prude, or at least frustrated, and we can see from the very beginning that some worms are easier said than in the bush.⁷ Richard, in his first famous soliloquy, expresses his delight in the glorious summer weather,⁸ adding

1. White Rose Tea

2. Gypsy Rose Lee

3. Four Roses

4. If not in power, then in Tower, changing every half hour.

5. Review Text in English Lit. 4 Years With Regents Exams.

6. She shore was a mistress!

7. Shakespearean idiom meaning foul.

8. cf. "Now is the summer of our discontent
Rendered awfuller yet by this burning sun."



that he is a foul lump of flesh.^{8½} He likes war, and since there are none currently available he decides to create his own.

Because he likes gold, and because the rate of foreign exchange is what it is, he realizes that the crown is a neat bundle---but Edward IV, his brother George, and Edward's sons are standing in the way.

George is the first to go. Richard is a firm believer in euthanasia and dispatches him sweetly and gently in a butt of malmsey.⁹⁸ Between scenes, Richard displays his romantic virtuosity by wooing Lady Anne Neville over her father-in-law's corpse---also gently dispatched by Richard. Richard

^{8½} Also has lumps of flesh, but that's another story.

⁹⁸proof and bottled in the village of Dadsey.

floors the grief-stricken maiden by offering to let her make shishkabob¹⁰ out of him. With Anne neatly tucked away, Richard now has "the world to bumble in."¹¹

Edward conveniently kicks the bucket, much to the grief of his toots, Shore. Now only the two princes are left. Richard generously supplies them with lodging and two extra-soft downy pillows. Heh-heh! The crown now bounces right onto Richard's noggin. He celebrates by wooing his brother's daughter.

However, this lovely idyll of the King¹¹ can't last forever; Richard has been thorough, but not that thorough. New pretenders spring up,¹² and England is invaded. Richard is killed in the just too too utterly memorable battle of Bosworth Field. His official act is to try to pawn the kingdom for a milch cow.¹³

Moral: Two milches in the hand are worth three malmseys in the butt.

FINIS¹⁴

10. Main corpse at the coronation feast.

11. See H.E. Snoutbottom's, The Idol of the King: The Life of Marie Antoinette.

12. Lever House, or the House of the Rising Sun.

13. Which later gave birth and everybody left, besmershing the seminar.

14. Ain't we erudite?



Oscar on Oscar

Oscar Nelson does maintenance work at Buck's Rock. He is a small man, and my first impression of him was one of frailty. When Oscar walks, one is inclined to feel that he may fall off balance any second, as he wobbles on the balls of his feet. At times, I had trouble keeping up with him.

When I was able to catch Oscar, I found him to be quite an exciting person, with a lot to say.

On the kids here at camp: "Yes, well, I like 'em fine... Otherwise, ya' know, I wouldn't be here... Especially the girls. They're not so destructive. They're nice."

Of the Bulovas (with his hands in his pockets): "Oh, yeh, yeh, yeh.... Well, they're fine people, hard workin', too hard workin'... The camp's getting too large, ya' know, every year, more and more projects." (He twiddles his shirt sleeves.)

Of his work at Buck's Rock: "Been here eleven years. I maintain things, ya' know, repair things, carpenter, paint." He laughs.

I noticed that during all the times I spoke to Oscar, he

always had something in his hands. Once, when we were standing next to the bushes, he kept pulling leaves off the branches and tearing them up. At another time, Oscar was constantly fidgeting with either his sleeves, which were cut off at the elbow, or his collar.

Of New Milford: "I think it's a nice town... too much industry here. Too many people comin' in, ya' know...." (He is still occupied with his shirt sleeves.)

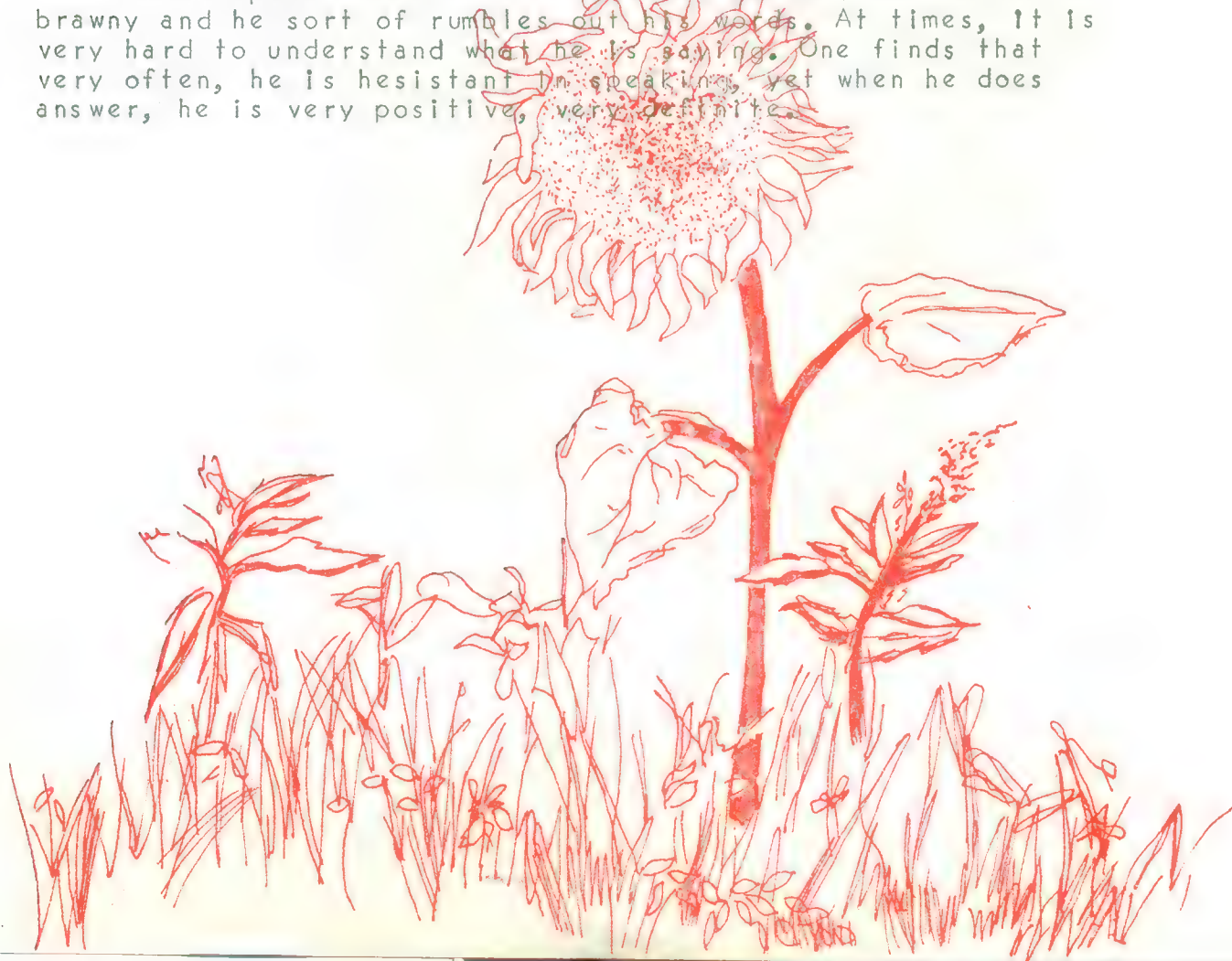
Of the American people: "I mean, I mean, no different than any other nation... It's up, up to the individual."

Of Buck's Rock: "Ah, yah, a fine camp, I believe... never have difficulty.... ya' know, other camps have trouble and they have to advertise.... Buck's Rock never advertises."

On arriving in this country from Sweden: "Yeh, ya' know, I came here in nineteen twenty-seven..." (he laughs) "Well I used to want to go back, I didn't intend to stay, just wanted a change of work, ya' know... eh, heh, yeh... I planned to travel but the depression came, and ya' know, I had to work." (He pulls up his baggy grey trousers.) "I couldn't go back... No, well, ya' know, you get used to livin' here."

On finding out about and coming to Buck's Rock: "Buck's Rock needed a man, ya' know.... I was in New York, I thought I'd come to the country... It was an accident, ya' know."

Oscar speaks with a thick Swedish accent. His voice is brawny and he sort of rumbles out his words. At times, it is very hard to understand what he is saying. One finds that very often, he is hesitant in speaking, yet when he does answer, he is very positive, very definite.



On kids: "Well, eh, I-I-I don't know... I mean, I think some children are spoiled... They don't know the value of money.... don't start workin' early...." (With reference to the depression) "It may have been hard on the kids, then, but they learned, ya' know to appreciate... It comes too easy today... They just ask their parents for it..."

Are the kids in Buck's Rock spoiled: "Well, ya' know, I don't know... If they are, they don't show it...."

On kids and protests: "Well, ya' know, they're all right, as long as there is no violence.... I have nothing against them, they're fine. Because, ya' know, the older generation just... just sat back with the same traditions, year after year, the same traditions... No, the kids, they're fine, just no violence... We have to change."

On family and feelings: "My son's in Miami, ya' know... yeh, that's where I go in the winter.... He's doin' all right, yeh, he's a mechanic... Last summer, I went back to Sweden, and my little sister, she was ya' know, this high (he gestures with his hand) when I saw her... thirty years ago.... Now, she is all grown, with grown kids... I felt like a stranger in my own land... So many people that remembered me, but I didn't know them..."

Oscar enjoys talking about his past and his experience in the military.

"When I was in Sweden, ya' know, they were celebrating the 300th anniversary of driving the Russians away from Stockholm... They didn't get Stockholm... They burn't all the cities north of Stockholm, but not Stockholm, ya' know.... They drove them into the sea and away... They missed Stockholm..." Oscar is proud, as his smile shows.

On being a cavalry man in the Swedish Royal Army in the 1920's: "Well... I was on a horse, ya' know, for four years... they all had horses then, now they all have mechanics....."

Like many people whose pasts are rich with experiences and impressions, Oscar is occasionally nostalgic. Nonetheless, he seems to be able to move with the times, to accept new ideals and new values. His entire life appears to exemplify this openness.

Carol Anne Seidelman

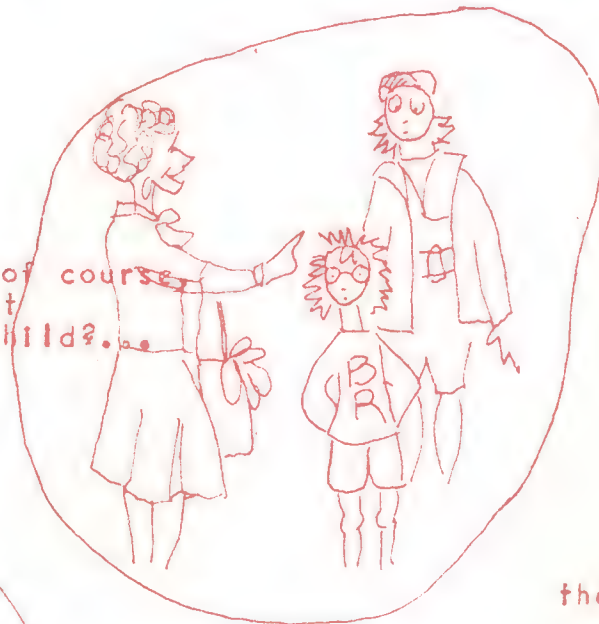
THE VISIT



oh...a printing
press...do you print
on it?



...have some more chicken soup,
mamele.....

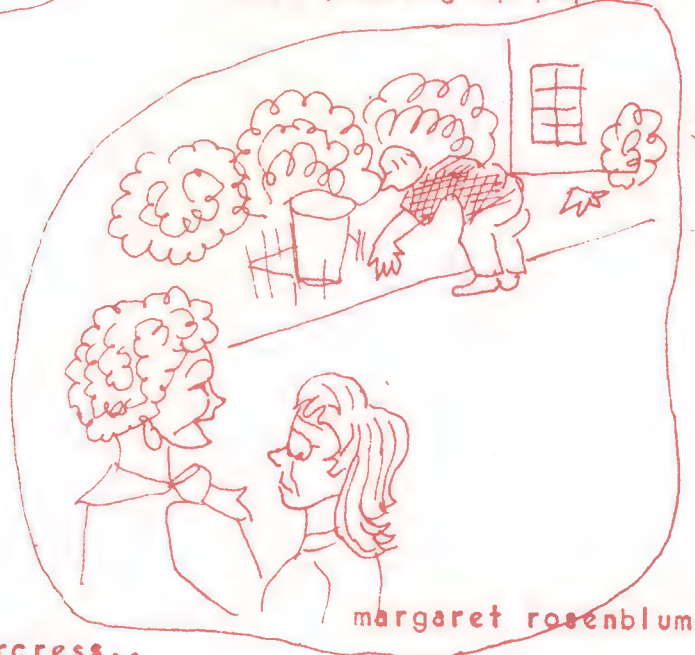


..you realize, of course,
that Gwendolyn is not
an ordinary child?...



SPECIAL
WATERCRESS

..who is that man over
there picking up papers?



margaret rosenblum

..but we really don't need a pound of watercress..



Sometime during each day a counselor sits on the lawn beneath a tree and sings.

He is accompanied by his guitar and a harmonica player. His name is Roy Bookbinder. Sit down and join the other campers gathered around him, for it is peaceful and relaxing to listen to him sing. He sings the blues and folk music, but the folk isn't in the Guthrie style, or even like Paxton or Phil Ochs. He sings quietly, almost to himself, yet he communicates with his audience.

Roy was introduced to folk music in 1965, about the time that Dylan went electric and Peter, Paul and Mary were flourishing. He enjoyed some of the later Dylan music for a time, but his real interest in folk music arose when he first heard a Dave Van Ronk record. "I used to listen to Dave Van Ronk records from sunup to sunset, not going to classes. He was the one that really turned me on to it." Van Ronk was his first major influence, but Roy didn't actually start to play any of Van Ronk's music until the summer of '66, because it was quite difficult. He soon became involved with country blues music, enjoying singers like Blind Willy McTell, Mississippi John Hurt, Blind Lemon Jefferson, and the Reverend Gary Davis. Gary Davis, a 73-year-old blind Negro,

who has been playing guitar on the streets of Harlem since the '40's, is now one of the most important people in Roy's life.

Roy listened to Gary Davis' songs until, in 1968, he had his first formal guitar lesson and learned to play Davis' "Candyman" and "Cocaine Blues." His guitar teacher suggested that Roy study with Gary, whose music had become Roy's main interest. Roy found Gary's phone number, met him, and within a month, left school to go on the road with Gary, knowing that "Reverend Gary Davis wouldn't be there forever and school would be."

Traveling with Gary, Roy learned a lot about music, people and life. "Gary's been around for 73 years and hasn't had the easiest life, yet he always looks forward to the good times. Playing his music and singing in the streets of Harlem, Reverend Davis has had more than his share of hard times. More than once, after having his guitar, overcoat, and cane stolen, he has called home and told his wife, 'You better come get me. They got everything I had.' Reverend Davis has always managed to get back on his feet and was thankful that he was able to get another guitar and start again. He is always looking up to the better things."

Roy is looking forward to having the Reverend Davis come up to camp during the summer. Most people in camp aren't really familiar with Gary Davis, but many know the Peter, Paul and Mary song, "If I Had My Way," which was written by him. Davis' own version of it, however, is extremely different. His whole system of singing is raw and emotional; it comes straight from his heart. Roy feels that contemporary folksingers tend to refine folk music, making it sophisticated, taking away the spontaneity of traditional folk music. He believes that this traditional music "will always have a stronghold in the hearts of the people."

There are, however, some contemporary folksingers




whose music Roy does enjoy: Tim Hardin, Gordon Lightfoot, and Paul Geremiah. Roy himself sings mainly country blues music, which appeals to many people because they can identify with it. He was surprised that

kids at the various camps where he has worked do enjoy his music.

Last summer, when Roy came to Buck's Rock to visit his brother Bookie, who has been at Buck's Rock for eight years and is a counselor in the Print Shop, he was very impressed with the people and the camp. At Bookie's suggestion, he applied for a job as Boys House counselor. If anyone asks him what part he plays in the camp routine, he says quite simply, "I just want to get to know people and to let them know that we all have something to share with each other."

LENORE GORDON



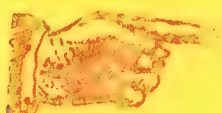
One of the most frequently heard complaints this year from old Buck's Rockers has been: "Buck's Rock isn't the same with so many new kids. Why, there's no spirit!"

The reason for the concern of these campers is the fact that when they looked back on last summer they saw all the good times magnified. The sad, unhappy moments had been pushed way in back of their minds. They expected to come back to Buck's Rock and find it exactly as they left it at the end of the summer. They seemed to forget that it took all summer to build that spirit which prevailed at the end.

Spirit is not something that can be put in the trunk for the winter and be pulled out nice and fresh for the summer. The roots of spirit must be replanted each year, just as a new crop must re-enter the soil each season and suck up the nourishment the good earth offers.

It is not true that spirit has withdrawn from the Buck's Rock scene. It must be reborn. Together we can recreate a spirit--a new spirit in which all campers, both old and new, can work together and make this a summer in which many lasting friendships are created and a certain level of maturity is reached.

A.R.



Weeder's often concerned itself with capturing, analyzing, creating, and re-creating the Buck's Rock spirit. Its articles, stories, poems, and illustrations reflected the spirit of the summer. A

summer is a time for people to get to know and enjoy each other. And Weeder's, through its interviews of camp personalities like Oscar Nelson and Roy Bookbinder, helped us form new friendships and strengthen old ones. Over the years, one man emerged as the ideal Weeder's subject for interviews, quotes, lampooning and lionization. That man was Ernie Bulova....

CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHY

ERNST BULOVA: THE MAN AND THE MYTH

There have been many rumors about the marvelous, energetic man who is the newest candidate for the highest political office in the country. The founding of New Milford, the discovery of America, and yes -- even the condition of our cow have been attributed to Ernst Bulova, our great leader and sage. Ernst, however, denies that he discovered America or any other country. He maintains that he is still a simple country boy who upholds apple strudel, motherhood, and a J.C. at the milk machine.

But here, we will draw aside the cloak of mystery that shrouds the life of this modest politician and present the little-known facts in all their dazzling glory.

Ernst Bulova was born when he was just a wee babe in a log cabin (which he helped his father to build) outside Vienna. Even as a toddler, he was an exceptional child. Some of his more remarkable early feats include the left foot, the right foot, the poetic foot, and the graffoot.

When he had attained the age of two, not wishing his unusual capabilities to go to waste, he left his doting parents and set out on a pilgrimage that would lead him to fame, fortune, and an apartment on Central Park West. He sojourned for a year in the luxurious forests that dot the Banks of the Housatonic until he was found in the bullrushes by the beautiful daughter of the mayor of New Milford, a boom town with an ever-expanding industry of Swiss cheese and chocolate. She offered him herself, the town, and all of the chocolate in return for his remaining at her side as the new ruler of New Milford. But earnest Ernie rejected her bourgeois values, kissed her hand, and set out once again.

Eleven-year-old Ernst then made his way to the big city, and there in Danbury he set out to obtain an expensive education. He took a job as a meek, mild-mannered milkman and sent away for college brochures. He spent his evenings attending Harvard, Cambridge, Cornell School of Agriculture, Sarah Lawrence, and Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, from which he graduated simultaneously a few weeks after his enrollment.

A few weeks after his matriculation he was Bar-Mitzvahed in Shea Stadium, at an affair catered by Stanley's Diner of New Milford and attended by 40,000 wildly screaming fans. He did not keep his presents, however, using the money to set up a day-care center for problem adolescents and an unemployment bureau for Connecticut farmers.

Since he had not yet created a Utopian society, it was rather

obvious that this would be Ernst's next project. He searched for years until, returning to New Milford -- that sick, decrepit, and corrupt town -- he realized it had unlimited potential for perfection. He purchased the plot of land formerly owned by the Buck Rock Country Club. And in the beginning Ernst created the social hall and porch. And Buck's Rock was without kids, and the words of Ernst were run in the want-ad section of the Times. And the ad said, "Let there be campers." And there were campers. And Ernst saw the campers, and saw all was not good. And Ernst divided the girls from the boys. And Ernst put the girls in the Girls House, and the boys in the Boys House. And the Winter and the Summer was the first year.

And Ernst said, "Let there be a construction crew in the midst of the camp, and let it build to further divide the girls and the boys." And there was a construction crew, and it built a Girls' Annex and a Boys' Annex. And the Winter and the Summer was the fifth year. And Ernst said, "Let the campers who are eldest be gathered into one place, and let C.I.T. snack appear." And it was so. And Ernst called these campers C.I.T.s, and he saw that they were good. And Ernst said, "Let the C.I.T.s serve the food," and it was so. And the Winter and the Summer was the tenth year.

And Ernst said, "Let there be shops to divide the creators from the non-creators, and let them be for art, and for jewelry, and for cloth, and for clay, and for wood. And let there be a print shop to spread propaganda through the camp and bring enlightenment to the masses." And it was so. And Ernst established the great arts, of drama and dance and music and the lesser arts of BBC. And the Winter and the Summer was the twentieth year. (The Bible verse actually says, "Be fruitful and multiply," but this is not that kind of camp.)

And Ernst climbed Chicken Hill and beheld what he had made, and saw it was good. And Ernst saw a vision of America prospering as his own camp was prospering, and Ernst said, "Ah Ha! I shall not rest in the twenty-sixth year." And Ernst decided to give our glorious nation what he has given to Buck's Rock; namely, life, liberty, and the pursuit of certain selected forms of happiness.

And thus Ernst Bulova will succeed in making the wretched America of today into the glorious America of tomorrow even if it's not that kind of country.



One score and two years ago

ADA FRUMMERMAN

Try to imagine a Buck's Rock which consisted of only the Boys' House, the Girls' House, and the Social Hall... a Buck's Rock with only seventy-five campers who spent most of their time working on neighboring farms... a Buck's Rock that was united with the New Milford community in working towards a common goal. This was Buck's Rock as it existed in 1942, the year of its founding.

The World War II draft had created both a manpower shortage and an increased need for food, and so the camp's main activity was farming. The older campers (there were no JC's or CIT's in those days) worked on neighboring farms, while the younger campers maintained farms within the camp. Jess Adler, one of the original Buck's Rock counselors, notes that, "The campers worked in the morning and returned tired, hungry, and pooped, so for the rest of the day it meant a swim or a songfest."

The campers were employed by the farmers at a scale below the minimum wage. Their conscientious work (and their modest wage scale) helped to create good relationships between the camp and the community. One local farmer whom all the campers wanted to work for was Frederic March, the well-known actor. Mr. March owned and still owns an estate a few miles from camp.

Besides farming, there were other activities for campers, although there were no shops as we know them today. Silkscreening was done in the social hall between meals; plays were produced, magazines published, and an art and photography shop started. These early shops were located where the farm house annex now stands. The stage was made up of eight old boxes. Another important activity was laundry. The whole camp would sit out on the lawn sorting clothes.

Festival in those early years took the form of a country fair. Booths were set up for games and prizes. Folk dancing and singing were the only performances. The New Milford farmers, for whom the campers worked, were invited to Festival and they usually came.

This was Buck's Rock during the war years. With peace came the end of outside farming and the expansion of the shop areas. But you may be wondering how Buck's Rock first began. The idea for the camp was born in the school in Berlin that Ernst directed from 1927 to 1933. In this school the classroom was abandoned. Children were surrounded by attractive learning materials. Cut-out letters were used for reading; beads, poles, and measuring rods were used to teach math. The role of the teacher in this school was to show the children how the materials were to be used. In this situation, the learning child was much freer than was the child in the conventional classroom. Whatever he accomplished, he accomplished through his own efforts. As proof of the success of this school, the children who attended it did better on their uniform examinations than did the children attending conventional schools.

In 1933 the Bulovas moved to England and Ernst became headmaster of a school in London. Here again, the principle of learning by doing was the guiding factor. Although the children were required to attend classes (Ernst feels that in a school situation you cannot wait for the person to become interested in a subject), they could choose the subjects they wanted to study and stay with them as long as they wanted to.

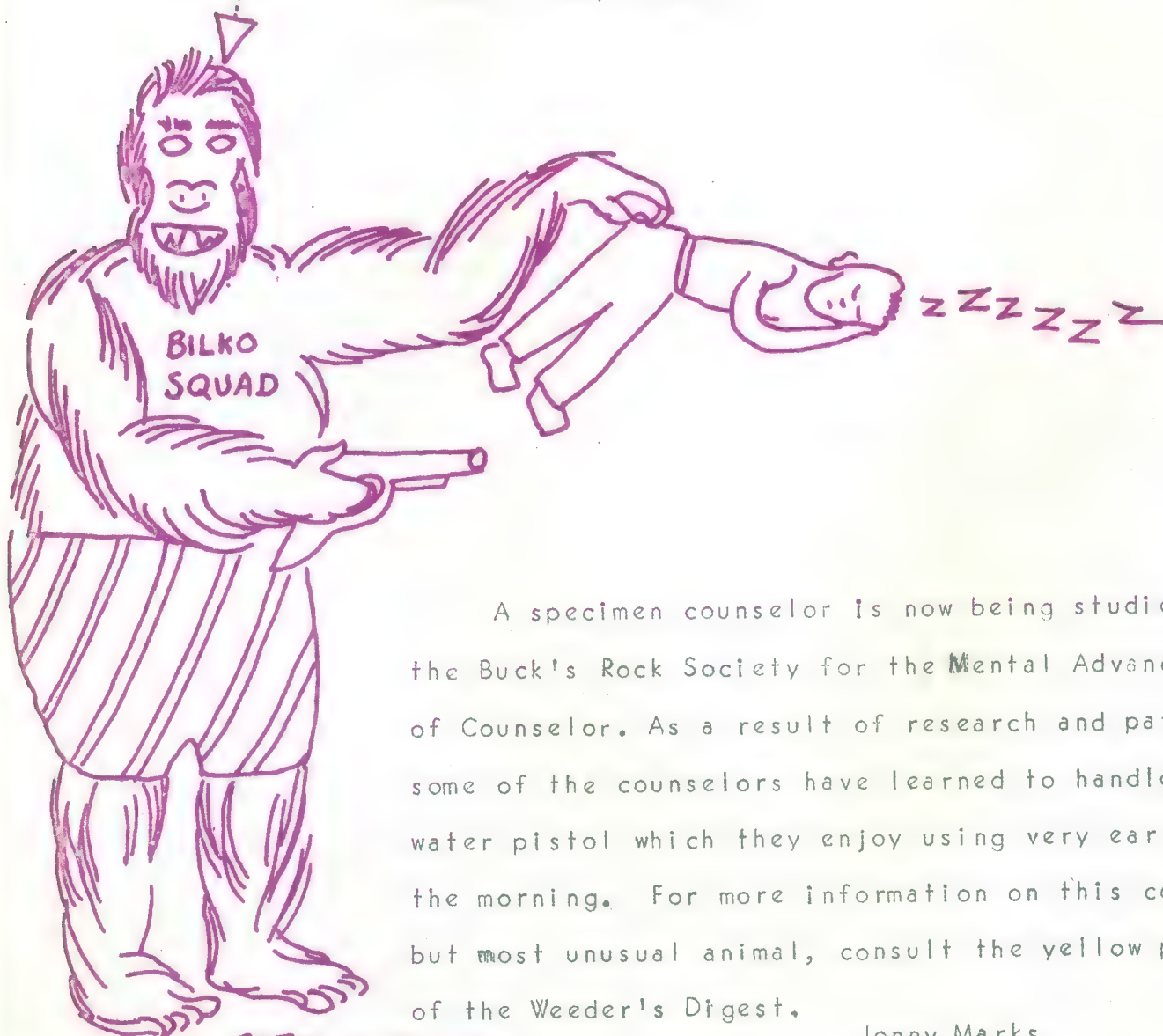
After moving to the United States, Ernst and Ilse decided to apply their educational theories in a new area, the area of camping. They believed that camps offer teachers an excellent opportunity to work with young people who are under no pressure, yet they noticed that conventional camps subjected children to ruthless regimentation. It was out of a determination to introduce freedom to camping that Buck's Rock was established.

Although the physical structure of the camp has changed greatly, its principles have remained the same throughout the years. In the schools and at home we are told that we are not capable of learning by ourselves. Here, by giving us the opportunity to learn on our own, Ernst hopes that we can learn to conquer the fear of freedom which the institutions of our society have helped to perpetuate.



the COUNSELOR

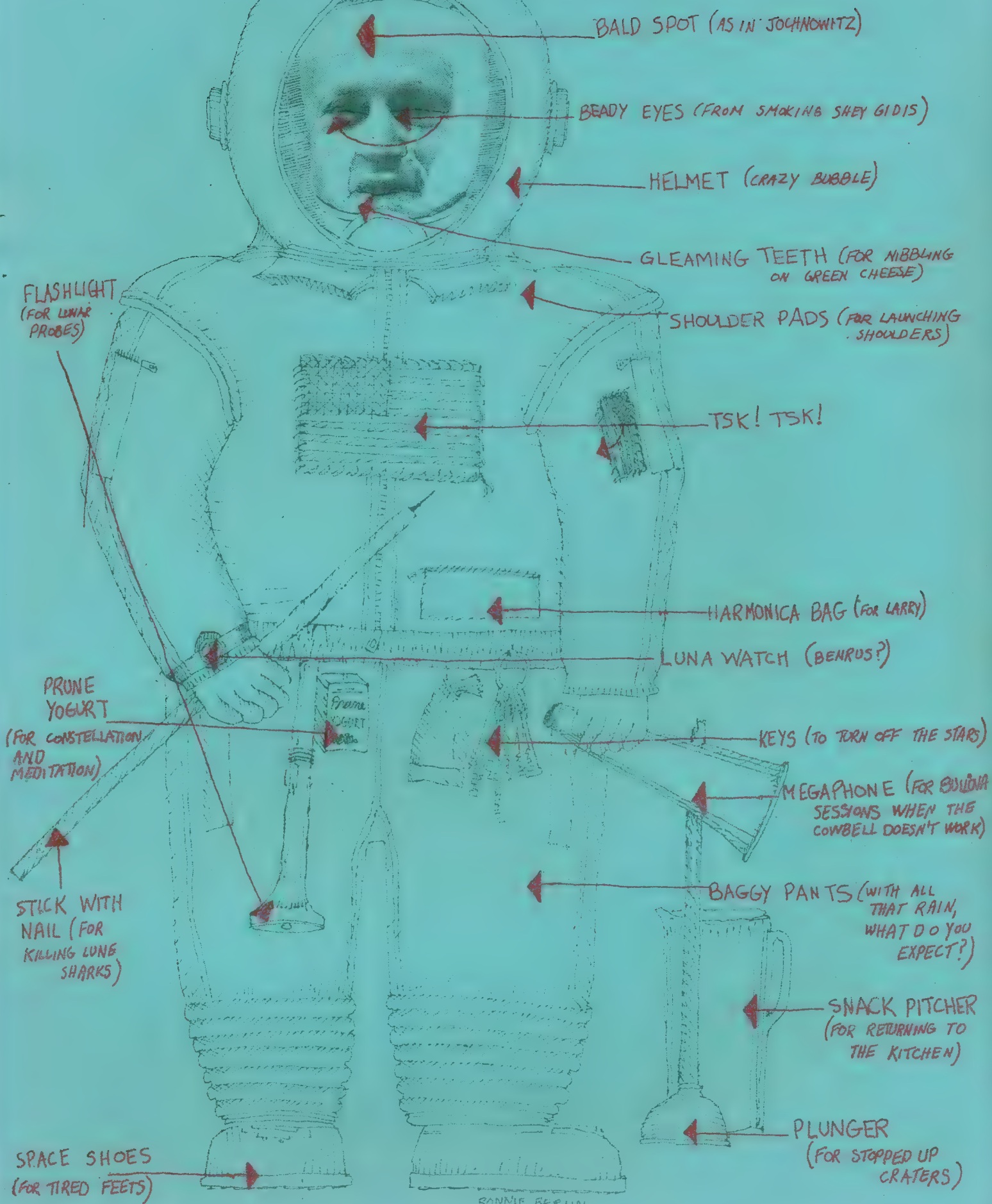
is quite a common animal around Buck's Rock. It strongly resembles the Orangutan in external appearance but is more closely related to the gorilla, a higher class of primate. This native animal is able to speak, although only a few words. "Everybody up," "lights out," and "clean up," are occasionally heard in gentle murmurs. This is the most unusual instinct to be found in any animal.



PETER WARSHALL

A specimen counselor is now being studied by the Buck's Rock Society for the Mental Advancement of Counselor. As a result of research and patience some of the counselors have learned to handle a water pistol which they enjoy using very early in the morning. For more information on this common but most unusual animal, consult the yellow pages of the Weeder's Digest.

Jonny Marks



RONNIE BERLIN

I came to camp.....



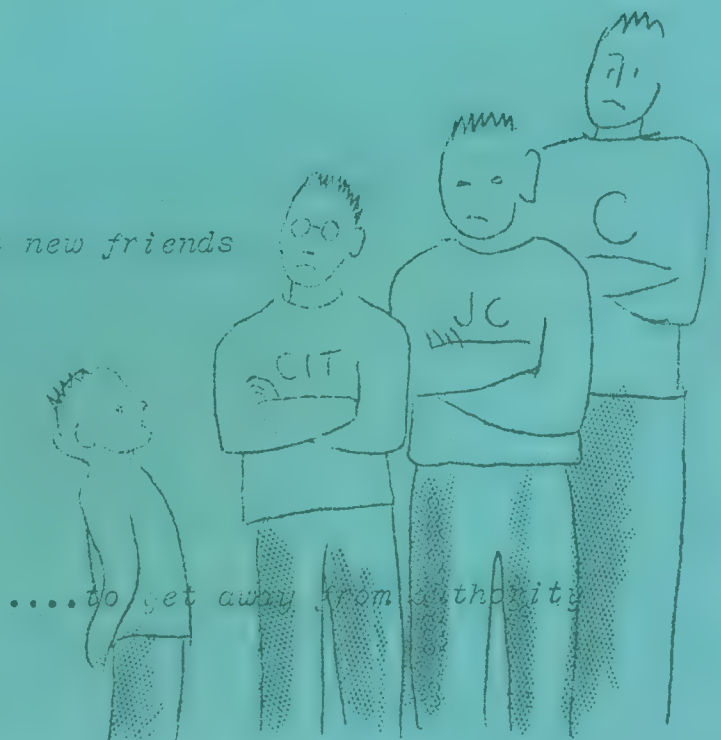
...to avoid the subway rush



.....to get some sunshine



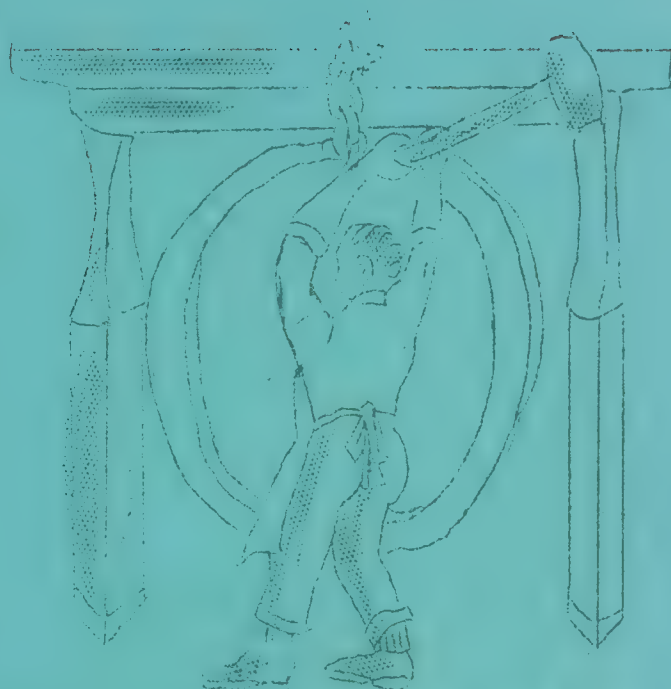
.....to meet new friends



.....to get away from authority



.....to see the scenery



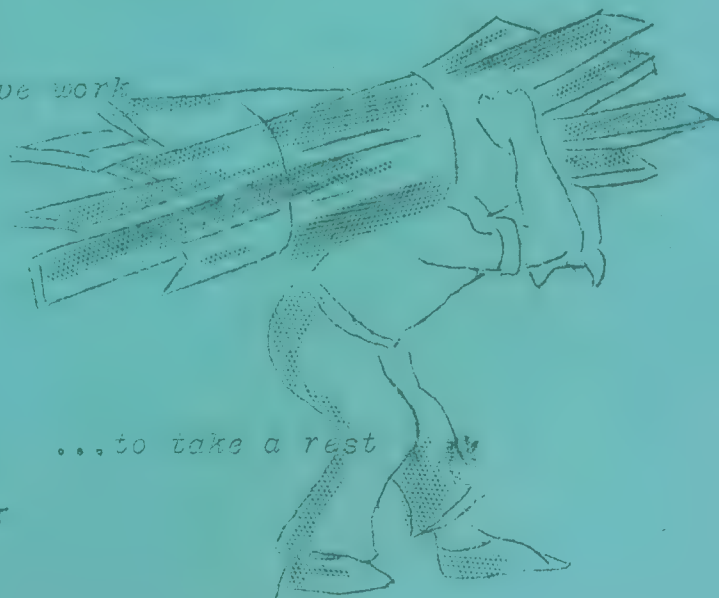
...to get peace and quiet



...to enjoy nature's wonders



...to do creative work

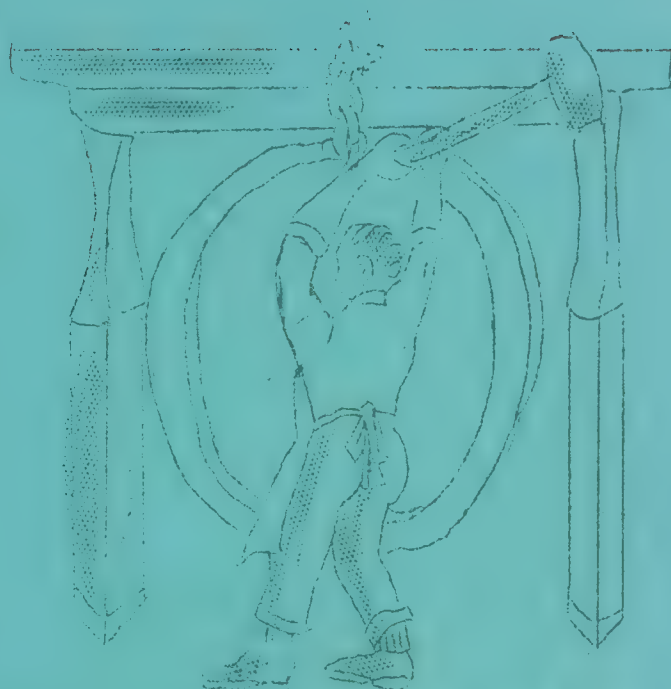


...to take a rest

by Julia Werner



.....to see the scenery



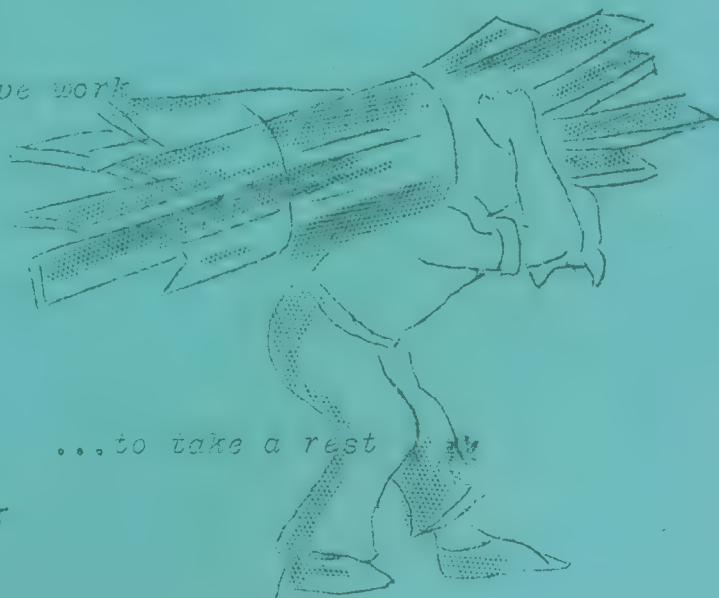
...to get peace and quiet



...to enjoy nature's wonders

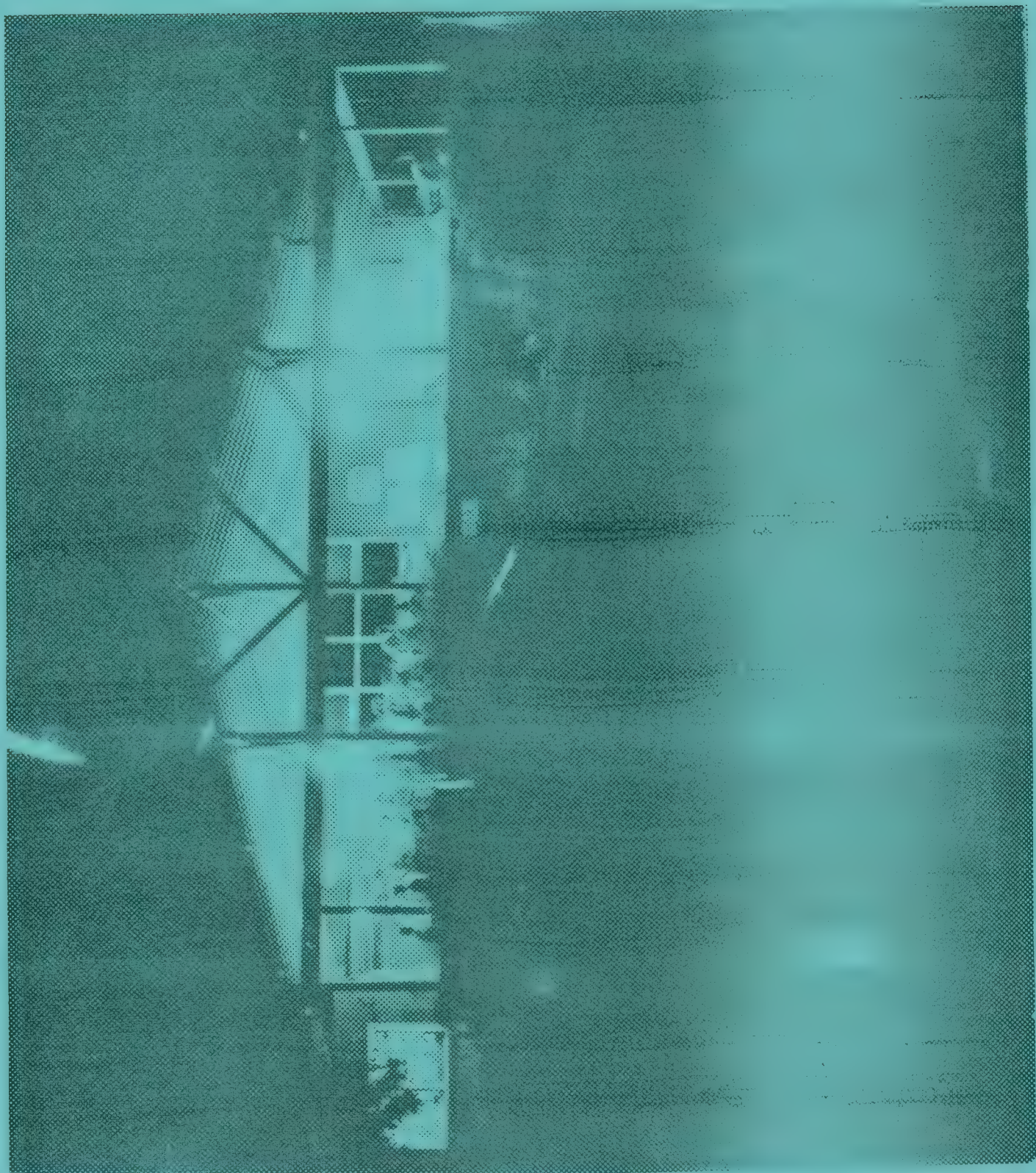


...to do creative work



...to take a rest

by Julia Werner



Many of us are doubly sorry to be leaving Buck's Rock. We are sad to be departing from friendly faces and surroundings, and miserable to be returning to schools and communities we remember as glutted with "typical" teen-agers.

It is uncomfortable, after having been exposed to the unusual atmosphere of Buck's Rock, to rejoin friends preoccupied largely with what they wear and whom they date. Yet we are not snobs, who condemn such interests as totally unimportant; we are adolescents who have learned, or who have thoughts reinforced, that it is as important to develop emotionally, intellectually, and artistically, as it is to be popular socially.

What can we do, having this attitude and surrounded by companions with a less mature viewpoint? Unfortunately, very little. It is impossible to bring all our friends up to Buck's Rock to live where other values besides the social ones are stressed (and even if we could, some would profit very little from the experience). If we try to explain that more can be done at a party than eating and danc-

ing, and that classical music is as worthy of an audience as rock and roll, we will not be hailed as intelligent but condemned as overbearingly arrogant.

Those of us who live where there are others who do not have the "typical" viewpoint, or where we have access to concerts or ballets or classes of some sort where we can both follow up our new interests and meet new friends with the same interests are fortunate, and should take advantage of such facilities. Friendships made in camp will, if kept up, have Buck's Rock's atmosphere and attitude as a foundation; or at least a background.

And if we live where there is little culture and individualism, and contact with friends from camp is difficult, what can we do? We can stand apart from our friends and be very proud--and lonelier than it is good to be in our teen-age years. Or we can join them, and be lonely only inwardly, in the hope that someday, whether back in Buck's Rock, as an adult, or by some unforeseeable good chance, we will join those with more permanent values.

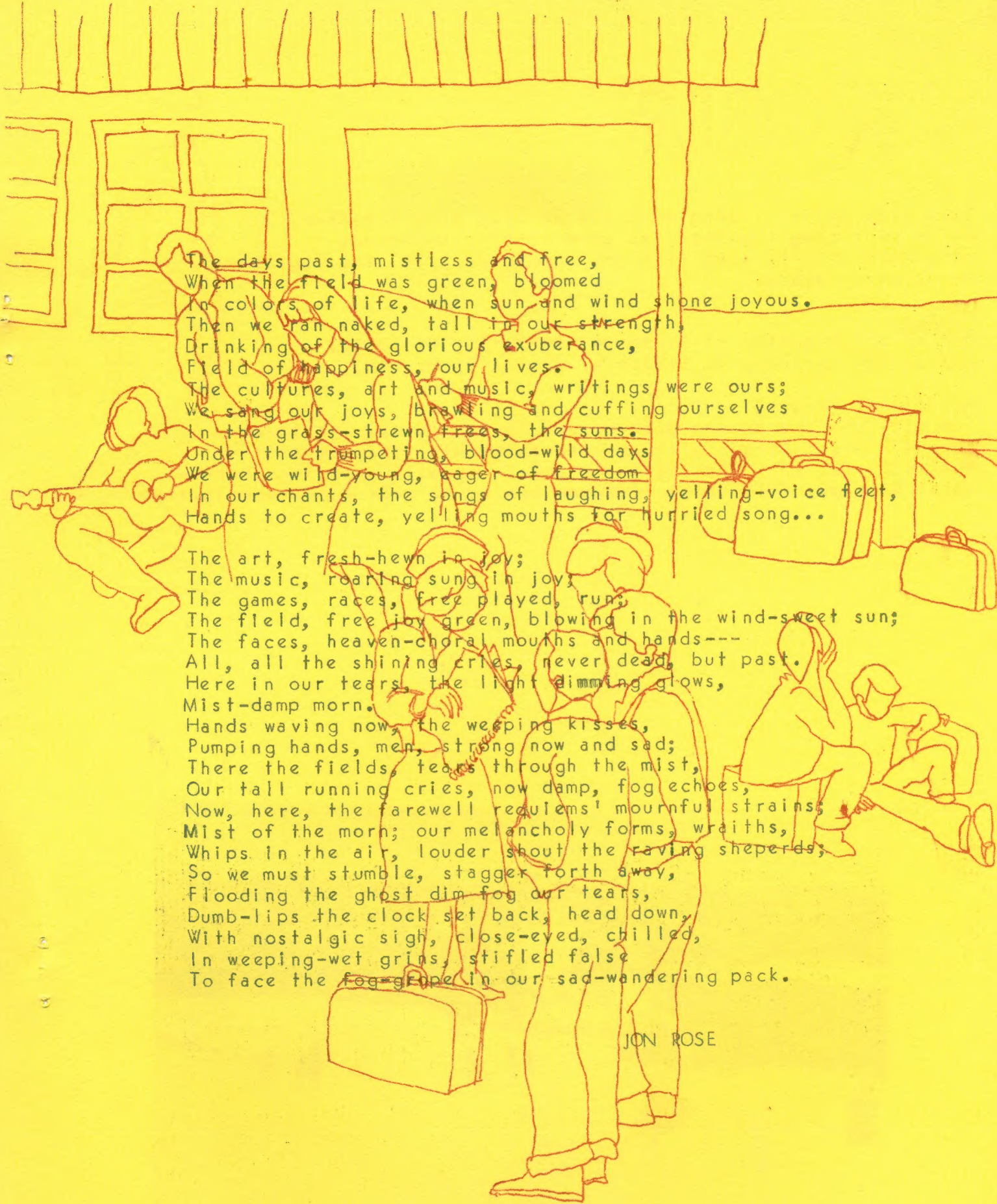
Madeline Gabrielson



LAST REFLECTIONS

In the mist, damp morn,
Propped at heavy-shod feet, cradled in
Awkward arms, bending bowed strapped shoulders
The bags, guitars, violins and horns, books,
They are massed finally here,
Milling about, gabbling, brash laughs
Hasty memorizing or scribbling of
Streets, cities' drumming numbers, routes, codes
We and you and I are the herded group,
Straggling here, up and down,
Glancing, gazing back, as beckoned
To remain. Eyes damp are rubbed
To smudge by sleeved arm,
Shaking embarrassed hand.

Straggling about, talking in shouts,
Dashing away through the mist and back for
Laggard belongings, arete stored
From beginning; now father to dust
And haste. We, you, I, the wolves
With lamb-skins under leathered wind-barriers.
Drivers, herd men, flog snapping, shout call;
Push, milling back and fore, front forward,
Trailing flecked foam goodbye billowing in the wake
Sheperds, haughty and swelled proud important,
Call motion orders, wailing us
In their gestures.
Dreamless, stageless tears, even
Clothless, blend to the hazes.



The days past, mistless and free,
When the field was green, bloomed
In colors of life, when sun and wind shone joyous.
Then we ran naked, tall in our strength,
Drinking of the glorious exuberance,
Field of happiness, our lives.

The cultures, art and music, writings were ours;
We sang our joys, brawling and cuffing ourselves
In the grass-strewn trees, the suns.
Under the trumpeting, blood-wild days
We were wild-young, eager of freedom
In our chants, the songs of laughing, yelling-voice feet,
Hands to create, yelling mouths for hurried song...

The art, fresh-hewn in joy;
The music, roaring sung in joy;
The games, races, free played, run;
The field, free joy green, blowing in the wind-sweet sun;
The faces, heaven-choral mouths and hands---
All, all the shining cries, never dead, but past.
Here in our tears, the light dimming glows,
Mist-damp morn.

Hands waving now, the weeping kisses,
Pumping hands, men, strong now and sad;
There the fields, tears through the mist,
Our tall running cries, now damp, fog echoes,
Now, here, the farewell requiems' mournful strains;
Mist of the morn; our melancholy forms, wraiths,
Whips in the air, louder shout the raving sheperds;
So we must stumble, stagger forth away,
Flooding the ghost dim fog our tears,
Dumb-lips the clock set back, head down,
With nostalgic sigh, close-eyed, chilled,
In weeping-wet grins, stifled false
To face the fog-grope in our sad-wandering pack.

JON ROSE

PRETORIA

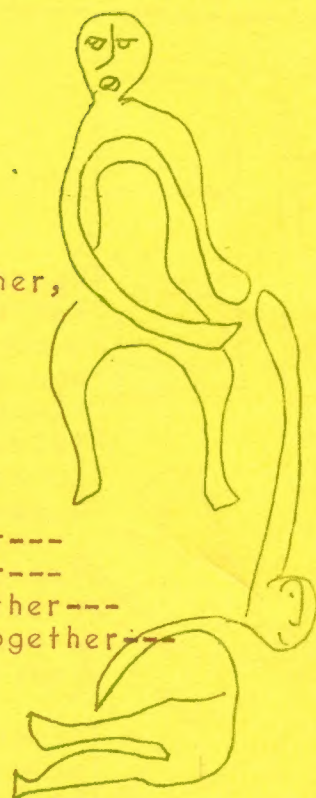
Sing with me, I'll sing with you so will sing together,
So we will sing together, so we will sing together.
Sing with me I'll sing with you and so we will sing together,
As we march along.

Chorus

For we are marching to Pretoria, Pretoria, Pretoria.
For we are marching to Pretoria, Pretoria, Hurrah!

Additional verses:

I'm with you and you're with me and so we are all together---
Eat with me, I'll eat with you and so we will eat together---
Work with me, I'll work with you and so we will work together---
March with me, I'll march with you and so we will march together---



John Ivler selected the Weeder's Digest articles which were re-produced in this special issue.

Jennifer Zogott wrote the editorial and the running commentary (in italic type).

Phil Tavalin and Charles Steiner of the photo shop prepared the half tone negatives.

Bill Cotton photographed the old stage, and the camp from the social hall porch, when he was photography counselor in 1948.

We have left behind a lonely passenger train in New Milford, skiing from the flagpole down to the Boys' House, and a hymn that calls for us to be together, somehow, before we die, We are a mad group of children singing different songs at a camp that used to be more than a group. Buck's Rock is losing its old spirit. And as we fall apart, Buck's Rock catches her breath again and calls us to be still and certain. To see the old togetherness as it truly was: a love that held us not only to each other but to our own ideals. She begs us not to change and all we can do is change in spite of everything. Because, of all things, change has lasted the longest. Even longer than love. We have left behind a lonely passenger train, skiing, singing.

Richard Carlin

